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THOMAS DELONEY

HIS

PLEASANT HISTORIE

of

THOMAS of READING

Harvard College Library

FROM THE

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BEGUN IN 1858

The Pleasant Historie of Thomas of Reading.

THOMAS DELONEY

HIS

Thomas of Reading

AND

THREE BALLADS ON THE SPANISH ARMADA

Edited with Notes and Introduction

BY

CHARLES ROBERTS ALDRICH

AND

LUCIAN SWIFT KIRTLAND

NEW YORK

J. F. TAYLOR & COMPANY

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Of this Edition of THOMAS DELONEY, HIS THOMAS OF READING and THREE BALLADS ON THE SPANISH ARMADA, *One Hundred and Fifty Copies* have been printed at The Westminster Press, on Ruisdael hand-made paper, of which this is Copy No. 130

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Introduction to
Thomas of Reading.

The Lamentation of Mr. Pages Wife

Of Plimouth, who, being forc'd to wed him, conſented to his Murder, for the loue of G. Strangwidge: for which they ſuffered at Barnſtable in Devonſhire.

The Tune is Fortune my Foe, &c.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL, as a distinct literary form, practically dates from the age of Elizabeth. Not that the needful materials had not long been present in literature: it was simply that much time had to pass before these materials were combined, according to certain ideas and purposes of art, into this particular shape. Many romances of adventure had come and gone; and one, the Morte Darthur, had come to stay. This lacks only form: from its substance many novels might be made — "For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin." In his earnest, straightforward way Malory had set down not only the heroic ideals of knighthood: he had given examples of great episodes of passion, such as the stories of Tristam and Isoud and Launcelot and Guenever—stories destined to live in all subsequent literature.

Pub. 1485.

In contrast with the serious idealism of the Morte Darthur was the humorous realism of the fabliaux. These were short verse-narratives, probably very numerous and very popular in

13th Century.

their day. As an example of their view-point it may be noted that one surviving specimen, Dame Siriz, satirizes the morals of clerks, the timidity and gullibility of women, and the methods of witches.

Some unity of structure had been added by
? 1325-1408. Gower when he rewrote stories with an eye to
1340(?)-1400. moral purpose; but it was Chaucer who developed the art of construction. With his gentle humor, true pathos, his power of character-delineation, and his keen insight into the workings of heart and mind, Chaucer's tales might be redacted into admirable novels. But the great Story-teller preferred verse; and in so doing he was following a national tendency. The love of metre and the preference for foreign themes and sources are two of the most striking characteristics of the pre-Elizabethan authors.

In spite of this rich accumulation of literary materials the first half of the sixteenth century was
1516. barren of prose fictions. More's Utopia, the single work of importance, was written in Latin. Men still read Malory and Chaucer; but civil disturbance repressed creative work, and there was no time to follow their lead. It was not until the period of Elizabeth that energy was again turned into literary channels.

Then came the Elizabethan Age. Every form of literature sprang up strong and rich as if the stored-up genius of barren centuries were bursting into flower. England had had her winter; now she had her spring. The novel received fertilization from all quarters. From Germany came jest-books and the mystery of the Black Art; from Spain came Cervantes in all his sanity, highly realistic rogue-stories like Lazarillo de Tormes, highly idealistic romances of chivalry, like Amadis de Gaula, and pastorals like the Diana of Montemayor; and from Italy came still more dreamy pastorals, the influence of Tasso and Ariosto, and the *novelle* which furnished the playwrights with such themes as Romeo and Juliet.

The novel apparently is less bound and hampered by rules of art than any other literary form. But just as sculpture preceded painting, so the stricter forms of poetry and drama reached perfection before the novel. Strict rules guide, not bind, in a period of exuberance; and the novel ran into many strange shapes for want of them. All sense of unity seemed lost in the wealth of materials brought in by the Renascence; and authors often forgot to depict life at all as they wandered hither and thither, expressing any thought at any length and in any way, as suited their whim. The repast

offered the reader in an Elizabethan story resembles not so much a well-ordered dinner as a stroll in the public market, among the vegetables or the wines, whichever the author most affects.

The Elizabethans formed an audience of earnest children, unschooled in taste; and with children's love of the marvelous and fanciful they encouraged the authors of extravagant books. Lyly's Euphues, Sidney's Arcadia, Nash's Unfortunate Traveller, and Greene's autobiographical pamphlets, such as the Groat's Worth of Wit, are typical Elizabethan writings, and are regarded as forerunners of the modern novel. Yet if we are to accept Clara Reeve's definition that, "The Novel is a picture of real life and manners, and of the times in which it is written," the Unfortunate Traveller is the only one of these which can be called by that name. The Euphues and the Arcadia portray life, manners, and times which never existed; the Groat's Worth of Wit is too bitterly biased to be much more than a moral essay; and even the Unfortunate Traveller, being a tale of roguery and strange adventure, can scarcely claim to be a true picture. Professed fiction, describing in prose real English people engaged in the affairs of real life, and told with fidelity to details, was first written by Thomas Deloney. His are the first

1579-80; 1590; 1594; 1592.

Clara Reeve, "Progress of Romance," 1785.

stories in the language to fulfill the requirements of Clara Reeve's definition; and Thomas of Reading, here reprinted, is the first of Deloney's novels.

II.

Thomas Deloney was born about 1543, and was a silk weaver by trade. Two translations of Latin documents are said to be his work; but the first writing which can with certainty be ascribed to him is "a proper newe Sonet" which appeared in 1586, "declaring the lamentation of Beckles in Suffolke burnt by fire on St. Andrewe's Eve last past." In the same year Richard Jones published Deloney's "Most joyful song . . . . at the taking of the late trayterous Conspirators . . . . fourteen of them have suffered death on the 20 and 21 of September." The jocular ballads written during the next decade have perished; but there are a few upon murders and executions such as "The Lamentation of George Strangwidge" and "The Lamentation of Mr. Pages' Wife of Plymouth, who, being forc'd to wed him, consented to his Murder, for the love of G. Strangwidge: for which they suffered at Barnstable in Devonshire. *The Tune is Fortune my Foe, etc.*"

Dictionary of National Biography.

Introduction

In August, 1588, three ballads having to do with the Spanish Armada were entered at Stationer's Hall. The original broadsides are now in the British Museum, and we have reprinted them on account of their intrinsic interest as well as for the light they give on Deloney's methods. After these came many songs and ballads, some of which remained long popular. These, of which "Henry II Crowning his Son King," "The Duchess of Suffolk's Calamity," "The Drowning of Henry I's Children," and "The Kentishmen with Long Tales" are the best known, were collected into a volume. The issue of 1607, which is the earliest of which we have record, is called "Strange Histories"; it was reprinted as the "Garland of Delight," and as the "Royal Garland of Love and Delight."

A fragment of the edition of 1604 is the earliest known form of the collection entitled "The Garland of Good Will." Some of the ballads in this volume, notably "The Spanish Lady's Love" and "The Winning of Cales" are probably not Deloney's; but on the other hand, J. H. Dixon attributes to him the authorship of "The Blind Begger of Bednall Green" and the prose "Sweet Historie of Patient Grissel," printed by John Wright.

Deloney also wrote three prose books which went through many editions before 1600 and eventually became penny chap-books; "The Gentle Craft," a work treating of shoemakers, registered 19 October, 1597; "Jack of Newbury," eighth edition 1619; and "Thomas of Reading," of which no edition earlier than 1612 now remains.

Almost nothing is known of Deloney's private life. The register of St. Giles, Cripplegate, has an entry recording the christening of Richard, son of Thomas Deloney, on the 16 October 1586. The date of his death is uncertain; but Will Kemp, the actor, who had performed the "nine daies wonder" of dancing a morris from London to Norwich, found himself "nearly hand-rent in sunder by unreasonable rhymes' and printed an "humble Request" of the ballad makers "not to fill the country with lies of his never-done acts." He says,

"I have made a privy search, what private jig-monger of your jolly number hath been the Author of these abominable Ballets written of me.

"I was told, it was the great Ballad-maker, T. D. *alias* THOMAS DELONEY, chronicler of the memorable Lives of the Six yoemen of the West, Jack of Newberry, the Gentle Craft, etc., and such like honest men omitted by Stow, Hollin-

shed, Grafton, Halle, Froissart, and all the rest of those well-deserving writers.

"But I was given since to understand, your late General, Thomas, died poorly (as ye all must do!) and was honestly buried, which is much to be doubted of some of you!"

The morris-dance had been completed March 11th, 1600. Deloney had written ballads upon it, and Kemp's remonstrance was published in April. This goes to show that Deloney's death occurred about March, 1600. He seems to have lived the life of an honest handicraftsman at least until 1596; and the tone of the few contemporary references appears distinctly respectful. In "Have with you to Saffron Walden" Nash says:

1596. "*Heilding Dicke* (this is our ages Albumazar) is a temporist that hath faith inough for all Religions, even as *Thomas Deloney* the balleting Silkeweauer, hath rime inough for all myracles, and wit to make a *Garland of goodwill* more than the premisses, with an Epistle of *Momus and Zoylus;* whereas his Muse, from the first peeping foorth, hath stood at Livery at an Ale-house wispe, never exceeding a penny a quart, day nor night; and this deare yeare, together with the silencing of his loombes, scarce that; he being strained to betake him to carded ale: whence it proceedeth that since *Candlemas*, or his

ligge of *Iohn for the King*, not one merrie Dittie will come from him, but *The Thunderbolt against Swearers, Repent, England, repent*, and *The Strange judgements of God.*"

What we know of Deloney's education is easily gathered from his works. He had managed to learn French and Latin, the former probably by association with London silk-weavers, many of whom were lately come from Belgium, the latter we know not how. Although the observation of life furnished him with most of his materials, the influence of his reading is sometimes clearly seen: the story of Margaret of the Lily-white Hand is an example. Dr. Lange, in his introduction to The Gentle Craft says:—

"His book-chest, so to speak, contained at one time or another, by purchase or loan,—a copy of the Bible, one including the Apocrypha, and probably diverse Reformation tracts and treatises; lives of saints; a goodly row of historians, most prominent among them those who were not, to use Harvey's phrase,—'the painfullest chroniclers', William of Malmesbury, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Malory, Fabyan, Grafton; a book or books of travel of the Sir John Maundeville order; biographical accounts of local celebrities, such as the Life and Pranks of Long Meg of Westminster; pamphlets detailing con- Palæstra XVIII.

temporary sensations, the murder of Mr. Page of Plymouth for instance; 'jest-books'; the prose tale of Sir Guy of Warwick and other versions of old court epics; a bundle of broadsides and manuscript copies of 'merry pranks', 'ditties', and ballads old and new; the fiction of the day—'most pleasant histories'; Lyly's Euphues, Sidney's Arcadia, and their successors, possibly also a copy of Lazarillo."

III.

Deloney's title of 'the great ballet-maker' rests upon the collections, the Garland of Good Will and the Strange Histories. Deloney's poetry is sometimes reflective, but the strong tendency to realism which runs through all his work prevents personal analysis of passion and lyric warmth of treatment. The sources of his ballads are mainly traditionary and the feelings expressed are chiefly the patriotism, loyalty, and conventional morality of the lower middle classes. Ethics, humor, and taste are all such as were concordant with his audience; and in the journalistic ballads which were his first work, and which he produced all during his life, the same attention is paid to the demands of his hearers.

The change from ballads to stories seems to have been the result of a natural expansion; and, if we

may judge from the ever-increasing mastery of form and dialogue, Deloney would ultimately have become a playwright. As it was he had influence upon the history of English comedy both in the materials he furnished and in showing the popularity of domestic themes. Thomas of Reading, Jack of Newberry, and The Gentle Craft show an increasing sense of unity and ability to weave the parts of a novel into one organic whole. In Thomas of Reading the hand of the ballad-writer is plainly seen; many of its chapters are in the short-story form and could easily be transcribed into ballads; the unity of the whole is sacrificed to unity in its parts, characters drop out of sight, are remembered with difficulty, and an artificial summing up is necessary in the last chapter. Simon Eyre, on the other hand, which is one of the tales in The Gentle Craft, by dialogue moves rapidly and equally through all its parts to a natural climax: if not a play itself it was ready material for a playwright, as Dekker found.

In the substance of his Novels we see Deloney again catering to his bourgeois readers, for he addresses his stories to weavers and shoemakers. Their love of romance was partly fed by the introduction of characters drawn from tales of chivalry, such as Margaret of the Lily-white Hand, and still more by the choice of heroes. Instead of noble knights or

wandering rogues Deloney wrote of honest workmen; and, thanks to his realism in details, any cobbler at his last might unquestioningly dream of following Simon Eyre, and himself one day becoming Lord Mayor of London. Democracy was glorified in the triumphs of Deloney's heroes.

The style is remarkably good, considering the period in which it was written. Perhaps ballad-writing had helped Deloney's eye for details; certain it is that many of his descriptions are really picturesque and give a very distinct idea of character. Occasionally the riming instinct overcomes him and he introduces a character who has the habit of bursting into verse (Round Robin, in The Gentle Craft, is the worst offender); but usually the fitness of things is well observed. The "jest" element is kept within bounds; and dialect—which Deloney was one of the first to employ—is used only when it is natural to the speaker, and never introduced for its own sake. It is only in speaking of characters supposed to represent high life that Deloney falls into the ridiculous Euphuism then fashionable; and time has lent even this a curious interest. Elsewhere he is a strict and truthful realist, deserving as much credit for this, perhaps, as for his popularization of domestic themes, or for his position as the first writer of English historical novels.

THOMAS
OF
READING:
OR,
The ſixe worthie Yeomen of the West.

Now the ſixth time corrected and enlarged
By *T. D.*

LONDON,
Printed by ELIZ. ALLDE for
ROBERT BIRD.
1632.

IN the Dayes of King Henry the First, who was the first King that instituted the High Court of Parliament, there lived nine Men, which for the Trade of Clothing, were famous thorowout all England. Which Art in those Dayes was held in high Reputation, both in respect of the great Riches that thereby was gotten, as also of the Benefit it brought to the whole Common-wealth: the younger Sons of Knights and Gentlemen, to whom their Fathers would leave no Lands, were most commonly preferred to learne this Trade, to the End, that thereby they might live in good Estate, and drive forth their dayes in Prosperity.

Among all Crafts this was the onely Chiefe, for that it was the greatest Merchandize, by the which our Country became famous thorowout all Nations. And it was verily thought, that the one Halfe the People in the Land lived in those Dayes therby,

therby, and in such good Sort, that in the Common-wealth there were few or no Beggers at all: poore People, whom God lightly blessed with most Children, did by Meanes of this Occupation so order them, that by the Time that they were come to be five or seven Yeeres of Age, they were able to get their owne Bread: Idlenesse was then banished our Coast, so that it was a rare Thing to heare of a Thiefe in those Dayes. Therefore it was not without Cause that Clothiers were then both honoured and loved, among whom these nine Persons in this Kings Dayes were of great Credit, viz. *Tho. Cole* of Reading, *Gray* of Glocester, *Sutton* of Salisburie, *Fitzallan* of Worcester, (commonly called *William* of Worcester) *Tom Dove* of Excester, and *Simon* of South-hampton, *alias Supbroth:* who were by the King called, The Sixe worthy Husbands of the West. Then were there Three living in the North, that is to say, *Cutbert* of Kendall, *Hodgekins* of Hallifax, & *Martin Byram* of Manchester. Every one of these kept a great Number of Servants at Worke, Spinners, Carders, Weavers, Fullers, Dyers, Sheeremen, and Rowers, to the great Admiration of all those that came into their Houses to behold them.

Now you shall understand, those gallant Clothiers,

Clothiers, by Reason of their dwelling Places, separated themselves in three severall Companies: *Gray* of Glocester, *William* of Worcester, and *Thomas* of Reading, because their Journey to London was all one Way, they conversed commonly together: And *Dove* of Excester, *Sutton* of Salisburie, and *Simon* of South-hampton, they in like Sort kept Company the one with the other, meeting ever all together at Bazingstoke: and the three Northerne Clothiers did the like, who commonly did not meet till they came to Bosomes Inne in London.

Moreover, for the Love and Delight these Westerne Men had in each others Companie, they did so provide, that their Waines and themselves would ever meet upon one Day in London at *Jarrats* Hall, surnamed the Gyant, for that hee surpassed all other Men of that Age, both in Stature & Strength: whose Merriments and memorable Deeds I will set downe unto you in this following Discourse.

How King Henry sought the Favour of all his Subjects, especially of the Clothiers.

CHAPTER I.

How King Henry *sought the Favour of all his Subjects, especially of the Clothiers.*

THIS King *Henry*, who for his great Learning and Wisedome was called *Beauclarke*, beeing the third Son to the renowned Conquerour: after the Death of his Brother *William Ruffus*, tooke upon him the Government of this Land, in the Absence of his second Brother *Robert* Duke of Normandie, who at this time was at Wars amongst the Infidels, and was chosen King of Jerusalem, the which he, for the Love he bare to his owne Country, refused, and with great Honour returned from the Holy Land; of whose comming when King *Henry* understood, knowing hee would make Claime to the Crowne, sought by all Meanes possible to winne the good Will of his Nobility, and to get the Favour of the Commons by Courtesie: for the obtaining whereof hee did them many Favours, thereby the better to strengthen himselfe against his Brother.

It

It chanced on a Time, as he, with one of his Sonnes, and Divers of his Nobilitie, rode from London towards Wales, to appease the Fury of the Welshmen, which then began to raise themselves in Armes against his Authority, that he met with a great Number of Waines loaden with Cloth, comming to London, and seeing them still drive one after another so many together, demanded whose they were: the Waine-men answered in this Sort: *Coles* of Reading (quoth they.) Then by and by the King asked another, saying, Whose Cloth is all this? Old *Coles*, quoth hee: and againe anon after he asked the same Question to others, & still they answered, Old *Coles*. And it is to be remembred, that the King met them in such a Place so narrow and streight, that hee with the Rest of his Traine, were faine to stand as close to the Hedge, whilest the Carts passed by, the which at that Time being in Number above Two Hundred, was neere hand an Houre ere the King could get Roome to be gone: so that by his long Stay, he began to be displeased, although the Admiration of that Sight did much qualifie his Furie; but breaking out in Discontent, by Reason of his Stay, he said, I thought Old *Cole* had got a Commission for all the Carts in the Country to cary his Cloth. And how if he have

have (quoth one of the Wainmen) doth that grieve you good Sir? Yes, good Sir, said our King, what say you to that? The Fellow seeing the King (in asking the Question) to bend his Browes, though he knew not what he was, yet being abasht, he answered thus: Why Sir, if you be angry, no body can hinder you; for possible Sir, you have Anger at Commandement. The King seeing him in uttering of his Words to quiver and quake, laughed heartily at him, as well in respect of his simple Answere, as at his Feare: and so soone after the last Wain went by, which gave present Passage unto him and his Nobles: and thereupon entring into Communication of the Commoditie of Cloathing, the King gave Order at his Home Returne, to have Old *Cole* brought before his Majestie, to the Intent he might have Conference with him, noting him to be a Subject of great Ability: but by that Time he came within a Mile of Staines, he met another Company of Waines, in like Sort laden with Cloth, whereby the King was driven into further Admiration: and demanding whose they were, answere was made in this Sort: They be Good-man *Suttons* of Salisbury, good Sir; and by that Time a Score of them were past, he asked againe, saying: whose are these? *Suttons* of Salisburie, qd. they, and so still, as often as

as the King asked that Question, they answered, *Suttons* of Salisburie. God send me many such *Suttons*, said the king. And thus the farther he travelled Westward, more Waines and more he met continually: upon which Occasion he said to his Nobles, That it would never grieve a King to die for the Defence of a fertile Countrie and faithful Subjects. I alwayes thought (quoth he) that Englands Valour was more than her Wealth, yet now I see her Wealth sufficient to maintaine her Valour, which I will seeke to cherish in all I may, and with my Sword keepe my selfe in Possession of that I have, Kings and Lovers can brooke no Partners: and therefore let my Brother *Robert* thinke, that although hee was Heire to England by Birth, yet I am King by Possession. All his Favourers I must account my Foes, and will serve them as I did the ungratefull Earle of Shrewsbury, whose Lands I have seized, and banisht his Body. But now we will leave the King to his Journey into Wales, and waiting his Home Returne, in the meane Time tell you the Meeting of these jolly Clothiers at London.

How William of Worcester, Gray of Glocester, and Old Cole of Reading, met altogether at Reading, and of their Communication by the Way as they rode to London.

CHAPTER II.

How William *of Worcester*, Gray *of Glocester, and Old* Cole *of Reading, met altogether at Reading, and of their Communication by the Way as they rode to London.*

WHEN *Gray* of Glocester, and *William* of Worcester were come to Reading, according to their Custome, they alwayes called old *Cole* to have his Companie to London, who also duely attended their Comming, having provided a good Breakefast for them: and when they had well refreshed themselves, they tooke their Horses and rode on towards the Cittie: and in their Journey *William* of Worcester asked them if they had not heard of the Earle of Moraigne his Escape out of the Land? What is he fled? qd. *Gray*. I muse much at this Matter, being in such great Regard with the King as he was: but I pray you, doe you not know the Cause of his going? qd. *Cole*. The common Report, quoth

quoth *Gray*, is this, that the covetous Earle, who through a greedy Desire, never left begging of the King for one Thing or other, and his Request being now denied him, of meere Obstinacy and wilfull Frowardnesse, hath banished himselfe out of the Land, & quite forsaken the Country of Cornwall, having made a Vow never to set Foote within England againe, and, as Report goeth, he with the late banisht Earl of Shrewsbury, have joyned themselves with *Robert* Duke of Normandy, against the King, the which Action of theirs hath inflamed the King's Wrath, that their Ladies with their Children are quite turned out of Doores succourlesse and friendlesse, so that it is told me, they wander up and downe the Country like forlorne People, and although many doe pitie them, yet few doe releeve them.

A lamentable Hearing, qd. *William* of Worcester, & with that casting their Eyes aside, they espyed *Tom Dove* with the Rest of his Companions come riding to meete them, who as soone as they were come thither, fell into such pleasant Discourses, as did shorten the long Way they had to Colebroke, where alwayes at their comming towards London they dined; and being once entred into their Inne, according to olde Custome, good Cheere was

was provided for them: for these Clothiers were the chiefest Guests that travailed along the Way: and this was as sure as an Act of Parliament, that *Tom Dove* could not digest his Meat without musicke, nor drinke Wine without women, so that his Hostesse being a merry Wench, would oftentimes call in Two or Three of her Neighbours Wives to keepe him Company, where, ere they parted, they were made as pleasant as Pies. And this being a continuall Custome amongst them when they came thither, at length the Womens Husbands beganne to take Exceptions at their Wives going thither: whereupon great Controversie grew betweene them, in such Sort, that when they were most restrained, then they had most Desire to worke their Wills: now gip (quoth they) must we be so tyed to our Taske, that wee may not drinke with our Friends? fie, fie, upon these yellow Hose; will no other Die serve your Turne? have wee thus long bin your Wives, and doe you now mistrust us? verily you eate too much Salt, and that makes you grow cholericke, badde Livers judge all Others the like, but in Faith you shall not bridle us so like Asses, but wee will goe to our Friends, when we are sent for, and doe you what you can. Well, quoth their Husbands, if you be so headstrong, we will tame you:

you: it is the Duty of honest Women to obey their Husbands Sayings. And of honest Men (quoth they) to thinke well of their Wives; but who doe sooner impeach their Credit, then their Husbands charging them, if they doe but smile, that they are subtill; and if they doe but winke, they account them wily: if sad of Countenance, then sullen: if they be froward, then they are counted Shrewes: and sheepish if they bee gentle: if a Woman keepe her House, then you will say shee is melancholy, if shee walke abroade, then you call her a Gadder; a Puritane, if she be precise; and a Wanton, if shee be pleasant: so there is no Woman in the world that knowes how to please you: that we thinke ourselves accurst to be married Wives, living with so many Woes. These Men, of whose Company you forewarne us, are (for ought that we ever saw) both honest and courteous, and in Wealth farre beyond yourselves: then what Reason is there, why we should restraine to visit them? is their Good-will so much to be requited with Scorne, that their Cost may not be countervailed with our Company? if a Woman be disposed to play light of Love, alas, alas, doe you thinke that you can prevent her? Nay, wee will abide by it, that the Restraint of Liberty inforceth Women to be lewd: for where a Woman

Woman cannot be trusted, she cannot thinke herselfe beloved, and if not beloved, what Cause hath she to care for such a One? therefore, Husbands, reforme your Opinions, and doe not worke your owne Woes, with our Discredit. The Clothiers, we tell you, are jolly Fellowes, and but in respect of our Courtesie, they would scorne our Company.

The Men hearing their Wives so well to plead for themselves, knew not how to answer, but said, they would put the Burden on their Consciences, if they deale unjustly with them, and so left them to their owne Wills. The Women having thus conquered their Husbands Conceits, would not leave the Favour of their Friends for Frownes, and as above the Rest *Tom Dove* was the most pleasantest, so was he had in most Reputation with the Women, who for his Sake made this Song:

Welcome to Towne, *Tom Dove*, *Tom Dove*,
The merriest Man alive,
Thy Company still we love, we love,
God grant thee well to thrive.
And never will we depart from thee,
For better or worse, my Joy,
For thou shalt still have our good Will,
Gods Blessing on my sweet Boy.

This

This Song went up and downe through the whole Country, and at length became a Dance among the common Sort, so that *Tom Dove*, for his Mirth and good Fellowship, was famous in every Place. Now when they came to London, they were welcome to the vast *Jarrat* the Gyant, & as soone as they were alighted, they were saluted by the Merchants, who waited their Comming thither, and alwayes prepared for them a costly Supper, where they commonly made their Bargaine, and upon every Bargaine made, they still used to send some Tokens to the Clothiers Wives. The next Morning they went to the Hall, where they met the Northerne Clothiers, who greeted one another in this Sort. What, my Masters of the West, well met: what Cheere? what Cheere? Even the best Cheere our Merchants could make us, (quoth *Gray.*) Then you could not chuse but fare well, quoth *Hodgekins:* And you be weary of our Company, adieu, quoth *Sutton:* Not so, said *Martin*, but shall wee not have a Game ere wee goe? Yes faith for an Hundred Pounds. Well said, old *Cole*, said they: and with that *Cole* and *Gray* went to the Dice with *Martin* and *Hodgekins;* and the Dice running on *Hodgekins* side, *Coles* money began to waste. Now by the Masse, quoth *Cole*, my Money shrinkes

shrinkes as bad as Northerne Cloth. When they had played long, *Gray* stept to it, and recovered againe the Money that *Cole* had lost. But while they were thus playing, the Rest being delighted in contrary Matters, every Man satisfied his owne Humour.

Tom Dove called for Musicke, *William* of Worcester for Wine, *Sutton* set his Delight in hearing Merry Tales, *Simon* of South-hampton got him into the Kitchen, and to the Pottage Pot he goes, for he esteemed more a Messe of Pottage, than of a Venizon Pasty. Now, sir, *Cutbert* of Kendall was of an other Mind, for no Meate pleased him so well as Mutton, such as was laced in a red Petticoate. And you shall understand, that alwayes when they went to Dice, they got into Bosomes Inne; which was so called of his Name that kept it, who being a foule Sloven, went always with his Nose in his Bosome, and one Hand in his Pocket, the other on his Staffe, figuring forth a Description of cold Winter, for he always wore two Coates, two Caps, two or three Paire of Stockings, and a high Pair of Shooes, over the which he drew on a great Pair of lined Slippers, and yet would oft complaine of Cold: wherefore of all men generally he was called Old Bosome, and his House Bosomes Inne.

This

This Lump of cold Ice had lately married a young Wife, who was as wily as she was wanton, and in her Company did *Cutbert* onely delight, and the better to make Passage to his Love, he would often thus commune with her: I muse, good Wife, quoth he. Good Wife? quoth she: Verily Sir, in mine Opinion, there is none good but God, and therefore call me Mistresse. Then, said *Cutbert*, Faire Mistris, I have often mused, that you being a proper Woman, could find in your Heart for to match with such a greazie Carle as this, an evill mannered Mate, a foule Lump of Kitchen-Stuffe, and such a One as is indeede a Scorne of Men; how can you like him that all Women mislikes; or love such a loathsome Creature? me thinks verily it should grieve you to lend him a Kisse, much more to lie with him. Indeed, Sir, quoth she, I had but hard Fortune in this Respect, but my Friends would have it so, and truly my Liking and my Love toward him are alike, he never had the one, nor never shall get the other: yet I may say to you, Before I married him, there were divers proper young Men that were Sutors unto me, who loved mee as their Lives, and glad was he that could get my Company; those were my golden Dayes, wherein my Pleasure abounded, but these Yeeres of Care

Care and Griefe, wherein my Sorrowes exceede. Now no Man regards mee, no Man cares for me, and albeit in secret they might beare me Good-will, yet who dares shew it? and this is a double Griefe, he carries over me so jealous a Minde, that I cannot looke at a Man, but presently he accuseth me of Inconstancy, although (I protest) without Cause.

And in troth, qd. *Cutbert*, he should have Cause to complaine for somewhat, were I as you. As sure as I live, and so he shall, quoth she, if he doe not change his Byas. *Cutbert* hearing her say so, began to grow further in requesting her Favour, wishing he might be her Servant and secret Friend, and the better to obtaine his Desire, he gave her divers Gifts, insomuch that she began Something to listen unto him: and albeit she liked well of his Speeches, yet would she blame him, and take him up very short sometimes for the same, till in the End, *Cutbert* shewed himselfe to be desperate, saying hee would drowne himselfe rather then live in her Disdaine. O my sweet Heart not so, quoth shee, God forbid I should be the Death of any Man: Comfort thy selfe, kind *Cutbert*, and take this Kisse in Token of further Kindnesse, and if thou wilt have my Favour, thou must be wise and circumspect, and in my Husbands Sight I would alwayes

alwayes have thee to find Fault with my Doings, blame my bad Huswifries, dispraise my Person, and take Exceptions at every Thing, whereby he will be as well pleased, as *Simon* of South-hampton with a Messe of Pottage.

Deare Mistresse, quoth he, I will fulfill your Charge to the uttermost, so that you will not take my Jest in earnest. Shee answered, Thy foulest Speeches I will esteeme the fairest, and take every Dispraise to be a Praise from thee, turning each Word to the contrary: and so for this Time adieu, good *Cutb.* for Supper Time drawes neere, & it is meet for me to looke for my Meat. With that down comes old Bosome, calling his Wife, saying, Ho, *Winifred*, is Supper ready? they have done playing above: therefore let the Chamberlaine cover the Table. By & by Husband, qd. she, it shall be done straight-way. How now my Masters, who wins? qd. *Cutbert.* Our money walkes to the West, qd. *Martin: Cole* hath woone 40 Pounds of me, and *Gray* hath gotten well: the best is, qd. *Hodgekins*, they will pay for our Supper: then let us have good Store of Sacke, qd. *Sutton.* Content, said *Cole*, for I promise you, I strive not to grow rich by Dice-playing, therefore call for what you will, I will pay for all.

Yea,

Yea, said *Simon!* Chamberlaine, I pray thee bring a whole Bottle of Pottage for me. Now *Tom Dove* had all the Fiddlers at a Becke of his Finger, which follow him up and down the City, as diligent as little Chickens after a Hen, and made a Vow, that there should want no Musicke. And at that Time there lived in London a Musician of great Reputation, named *Reior*, who kept his Servants in such costly Garments, that they might seeme to come before any Prince. Their Coates were all of one Colour; and it is said, that afterward the Nobility of this Land, noting it for a seemely Sight, used in like Maner to keepe their Men all in one Livery. This *Reior* was the most skillfullest Musician that lived at that Time, whose Wealth was very great, so that all the Instruments whereon his Servants plaid, were richly garnished with Studdes of Silver, and some Gold; the Bowes belonging to their Violines were all likewise of pure Silver. Hee was also for his Wisedome called to great Office in the City, who also builded (at his owne Coste) the Priory & Hospital of S. Bartholomew in Smithfield. His Servants being the best Consorts in the City, were by *Tom Dove* appointed to play before the Young Princes. Then supper being brought to the Boord, they all

all sat down, and by and by after comes up their Oast, who tooke his Place among them: and anon after, the Good-wife in a red Peticote & a Wastcoate, comes among them as white as a Lilly, saying, My Masters, you are welcome, I pray you be merry. Thus falling close to their Meate, when they had well fed, they found Leysure to talke one with another: at what time *Cutb.* began thus to finde Fault, Ywis, my Oast, quoth he, you have a wise Huswife to your Wife, heere is Meate drest of a new Fashion? God sends Meate, and the Devill sends Cooks. Why what ailes the Meate, quoth she, serves it not your Turnes? better Men then your selfe are content withall, but a paultry Companion is ever worst to please. Away, you sluttish thing, qd. *Cutbert*, your Husband hath a sweet Jewell of you: I marvell such a grave ancient Man would match himselfe with such a young Giglot, that hath as much Handsomenes in her, as good Huswifry, which is just nothing at all. Well, Sir, said shee, in regard of my Husbands Presence, I am loth to aggravate Anger, otherwise I would tell thee thy owne. Goe to, what needs all this, quoth the Company? in good Faith, *Cutbert*, you are to blame, you find Fault where none is. Tush, I must speake my Mind,

Mind, quoth *Cutbert*, I cannot dissemble, I trust the good Man thinkes never the worse of me: so I have his good Will, what the foule Evill care I for his Wifes. Enough, quoth *Tom Dove*, let us with Musicke remove these Brabbles, we meane to be merry, and not melancholy. Then, said old *Cole*, Now trust me, *Cutbert*, we will have your Oastesse and you Friends ere we part: here, Woman I drinke to you, and regard not his Words, for he is babbling wheresoever he comes. Quoth the Woman, Nothing grieves me so much, as that hee should thus openly checke me: if he had found any Thing amisse, he might have spied a better Time to tell mee of it than nowe, ywis he need not thrust my bad Huswifrie into my Husbands Head, I live not so quietly with him, God wot: and with that she wept. Come *Cutbert*, quoth they, drinke to her, and shake Hands and be Friends. Come on, you puling Baggage, quoth he, I drinke to you, here will you pledge mee and shake Hands? No, (quoth shee) I will see thee choackt first, shake Hands with thee? I will shake Hands with the Devill as soon. Goe to, said her Husband, you shall shake Hands with him then: If you will not shake Hands, Ile shake you: what, you young Huswife? Well, Husband,

Husband, said she, it becomes a Woman to obey her Husband, in regard whereof, I drink to him. Thats well said, quoth the Company: & so she tooke her Leave & went downe. And within a while after they paid the Shot, and departed thence to *Jarrats* Hall, where they went to their Lodging; and the next Day they tooke their Way homeward all together: and coming to Colebrooke, they tooke up their Lodging: and it was *Coles* custome to deliver his Money to the Goodwife of the House to keep it till Morning, which in the End turned to his utter Destruction, as hereafter shall be shewed.

How Grays Wife of Glocester, with One or Two more of her Neighbours, went to the Faire, where Servants came to be hired, & how she tooke the Earle of Shrewsburies Daughter into her Service.

CHAPTER III.

How Grays *Wife of Glocester, with One or Two more of her Neighbours, went to the Faire, where Servants came to be hired, & how she tooke the Earle of Shrewsburies Daughter into her Service.*

IT was wont to be an old Custome in Glocestershire, that at a certaine Time in the Yeere, all such young Men and Maidens as were out of Service, resorted to a Faire that was kept neere Glocester, there to be ready for any that would come to hire them, the young Men stood all on a Row on the one Side, and the Maidens on the other. It came to passe, that the Earle of Shrewburies Daughter, whose Father was lately banished, being driven into great Distresse, and weary with Travell, as one whose delicate Life was never used to such Toyle, sate her downe upon the High-way Side, making this Lamentation:

O false and deceitful World! quoth she; who is in thee that wishes not to be rid of thee, for

for thy Extremities are great? Thou art deceitful to all, and trusty to none. Fortuner is thy Treasurer, who is like thy selfe, wavering and unconstant, she setteth up Tyrants, beateth downe Kings; giveth Shame to some, and Renowne to others: Fortune giveth these Evils, and we see it not: she treades us under Foot, and we know it not: she speakes in our Eares, and we heare her not: she cries aloud, and we understand her not: And why? because we know her not, until Misery doth make her manifest.

Ah, my dear Father, well maist thou doe. Of all Misfortunes it is most unhappy to be fortunate: and by this Misfortune came my Fall. Was ever good Lady brought to this Extremity? What is become of my rare Jewels, my rich Array, my sumptuous Fare, my waiting Servants, my many Friends, and all my vaine Pleasures? my Pleasure is banisht by Displeasure, my Friends fled like Foes, my Servants gone, my Feasting turned to Fasting, my rich Array consumed to Ragges, and my Jewels decke out my chiefest Enemies: therefore of all Things the meanest State is best, Poverty with Surety, is better than Honour mixed with Feare: seeing God hath allotted me to this Misery of Life, I will frame my Heart to embrace Humility, and carry

carry a Mind answerable to my Misfortunes: fie on this vaine Title of Ladyship, how little doth it availe the distressed? No, no, I must therefore forget my Birth and Parentage, and think no more on my Fathers House. Where I was wont to bee served, now will I learne to serve, and plaine *Meg* shall be my Name; good Lord grant I may get a good Service, nay any Service shall serve, where I may have Meat, Drinke, and Apparell. She had no sooner spoken these Words, but she spied a Couple of Maidens more comming towards her, who were going to the Faire; and bidding her good Morrow, asked her if she went to the Faire. Yea, mary, qd. she, I am a poore Mans Child that is out of Service, and I heare that at the Statute, Folkes doe come of Purpose to hire Servants. True it is, said the Maidens, and thither goe we for the same Purpose, and would be glad of your Company. With a good Will, and I am right glad of yours, said she, beseeching you, good Maidens, you will doe me the Favour, to tell me what Service were best for me: for the more too blame my Parents, they would never put me forth to know any Thing. Why what can you doe? (quoth the Maidens) can you brew and bake, make Butter and Cheese, and reape Corne well? No verily, said *Margaret*,

Margaret, but I would be right glad to learne to doe any Thing whatsoever it be. If you could spin or card, said another, you might do excellent well with a Clothier, for they are the best Services that I know; there you shall be sure to fare well, and so live merrily.

Then *Margaret* wept, saying, alas, what shall I doe? I was never brought up to these Things. What, can you doe nothing? quoth they. No truly (quoth she) that is good for any Thing, but I can read and write, and sowe, some Skill I have in my Needle, and a little on my Lute: but this, I see, will profit me Nothing. Good Lord, quoth they, are you bookish? wee did never heare of a Maide before that could reade and write. And although you can doe no other Thing, yet possible you may get a Service, if you can behave your selfe manerly. I pray you, qd. another, seeing you are bookish, will you doe so much as to reade a Love-Letter that is sent me? for I was at a Friends of mine with it, and he was not at Home, and so I know not what is in it. I pray you let me see it, quoth *Margaret*, and I will shew you. Whereupon she readeth as followeth.

O *Jenny*,

O *Jenny*, my Joy, I die for thy Love,
And now I heare say that thou dost remove:
And therefore, *Jenny*, I pray thee recite,
Where shall I meete thee soone at Night.

For why, with my Master no more will I stay,
But for thy Love I will runne away:
O *Jenny*, *Jenny*, thou puttest me to paine,
That thou no longer wilt here remaine.

I will weare out my Shooes of Neats-Leather,
But thou and I will meete together,
And in spight of Fortune, Rat, or Mouse,
We will dwell together in one House.

For who doth not Esteeme of thee,
Shall have no Service done of me:
Therefore, good *Jenny*, have a Care,
To meete poore *Fragment* at the Faire.

Now, alas, good Soule (quoth *Jenny*) I think he be the kindest young Man in the World. The Rest answered, that he seemed no lesse, and surely it appeareth that he is a pretty witty Fellow, quoth one of them, how finely hee hath written his Letter in Rime; trust me, I will give you a good Thing, and

and let me have a Copy of it to send to my Sweetheart: that you shall with all my Heart: & so comming to the Faire, they tooke up their Standing.

Within a while after, Goodwife *Gray* of Glocester came thither to store her selfe of divers Commodities: and when she had bought what she would, she told her Neighbour she had great Need of a Maid-Servant or Twaine: therefore, qd. she: good Neighbour goe with me, and let me have your Opinion. With a good Will, said her Neighbour, and together they went, and looking and viewing the Maidens over, she tooke speciall Notice of *Margaret*. Beleeve me, quoth shee, there stands a very proper Maiden, and one of a modest and comely Countenance. Verily, said her Neighbour, so she is, as ever I looket upon.

The Maiden seeing them to view her so well, was so abashed, that a scarlet Colour overspread her lilly Cheekes, which the Woman perceiving, came unto her, and asked if she were willing to serve. The Maid with a low Curtesie, and a most gentle Speech, answered, it was the onely Cause of her comming. Can you spinne or card? said Goodwife *Gray* Truly, Dame, said she, though my Cunning therein be but small, my Good-will to learne

learne is great, and I trust my Diligence shall content you. What Wages will you take? quoth Good-wife *Gray*. I will referre that, said *Margaret*, to your Conscience and Courtesie, desiring no more then what I shall deserve. Then asking what Country-woman she was, the Maiden wept, saying, Ah, good Dame, I was untimely borne in Shropshire, of poore Parents, and yet not so needy as unfortunate, but Death having ended their Sorrowes, hath left me to the Cruelty of these envious Times, to finish my Parents Tragedy with my Troubles. What, Maiden, qd. her Dame, have a Care to do your Busines and to live in Gods Feare, and you shall have no Care to regard Fortunes Frownes, and so they went Home together.

Now, so soone as the Good-man saw her, hee asked his Wife where she had that Maiden? She said, at the Faire. Why then quoth he, thou hast brought all the Faire away, and I doubt it were better for us, to send the Faire to another Towne, then to keepe the Faire here. Why, Man, quoth she, what meane you by that? Woman, I meane this, that she will prove a Loadstone, to draw the Hearts of all my Men after her, & so we shall have wise Service done of all Sides. Then said his Wife,

Wife, I hope, Husband, *Margaret* will have a better Care both to her owne Credit, and our Commodity then so, and so let her alone to looke to such Matters. Is thy Name *Margaret?* quoth her Master: proper is thy Name to thy Person, for thou art a Pearle indeed, orient, and rich in Beauty.

His Wife hearing him say so, began to change her Opinion: What, Husband (quoth she) is the Wind at that Doore? Begin you to like your Maid so well? I doubt I had most Need to looke to your selfe: before God, I had rather then an Angell I had chosen some other: but heare you, Maid, you shall packe hence, I will not nourish a Snake in my Bosome, and therefore get you gone, I will none of you, provide a Service where you may.

The Maiden hearing her say so, fell down on her Knees, and besought her, saying, O, sweet Dame, be not so cruell to me, to turne me out of Doores, now: alas, I know not where to goe, or what to doe, if you forsake me. O let not the fading Beauty of my Face dispoile me of your Favour: for rather then that shall hinder my Service, this my Knife shall soone disfigure my Face, and I will banish Beauty as my greatest Enemy. And with that,

that, her aboundant Tears stopped her Speech, that she could not utter one Word more.

The Woman seeing this, could not harbour any longer, nor could her Master stay in the Roome for weeping. Well, *Margaret*, said her Dame (little knowing that a Lady kneeled before her) using thy selfe well, I will keepe thee, and thou shalt have my Good-will, if thou governe thyselfe with Wisedom; & so she sent her about her Business. Her Husband comming to Supper, said, How now, Wife, art thou so doubtfull of me, that thou hast put away thy Maiden? I wis (qd. she) you are a wise Man, to stand praising of a Maidens Beauty before her Face; & you a wise Woman, qd. he, to grow jealous without a Cause. So to Supper they went, and because *Margaret* shewed her selfe of finest Behaviour above the Rest, she was appointed to waite on the Table. And it is to be understood, that *Gray* did never eate his Meat alone, but still had some of his Neighbours with him, before whom he called his Maid, saying, *Margaret*, come hither. Now because there was another of the same Name in the House, she made Answer. I call not you, Maiden, quoth he, but *Margaret* with the lilly-white Hand. After which Time she was ever called so.

How the Kings Majestie sent for the Clothiers, and of the sundry Favours which he did them.

CHAPTER IV.

How the Kings Majestie sent for the Clothiers, and of the sundry Favours which he did them.

KING *Henry* providing for his Voyage into France, against King *Lewis* and *Robert* Duke of Normandie his owne Brother, committed the Government of the Realme in his Absence, to the Bishop of Salisbury, a Man of great Wisedome and Learning, whom the King esteemed highly, and afterward he thought good to send for the chiefe Clothiers of England, who according to the Kings Appointment came to the Court, and having License to come before his Majestie, he spake to this effect.

The Strength of a King is the Love and Friendship of his People, and he governs over his Realme most surely, that ruleth Justice with Mercy: for he ought to feare many, whom many doe feare: therefore the Governours of the Commonwealth ought to observe two speciall Precepts: the One is, that they do so maintaine the Profit of the Commons,

Commons, that whatsoever in their Calling they doe, they referre it thereunto: the other that they be always as well carefull over the whole Commonwealth, as over any Part thereof; lest, while they uphold the one, the other be brought to utter Decay.

And foreasmuch as I doe understand, and have partly seene, that you the Clothiers of England are no small Benefit to the Wealth-publike, I thought it good to know from your owne Mouthes, if there be any Thing not yet granted that may benefit you, or any other Thing to be removed that doth hurt you.

The great Desire I have to maintaine you in your Trades, hath moved me hereunto. Therefore boldly say what you would have in the one Thing or the other, & I will grant it you.

With that, they all fell downe upon their Knees, and desired God to save his Majestie, and withall, requested three Dayes Respit to put in their Answere: which was granted. And thereupon they departed.

When the Clothiers had well considered of these Matters, at length they thought meete to request of his Majestie for their first Benefit, that all the Cloth-Measures thorow the Land might be of one

one Length, whereas to their great Disadvantage before, every good Towne had a severall Measure, the Difficulty thereof was such, that they could not keepe them in Memory, nor know how to keepe their Reckonings. The second Thing whereof they found themselves grieved, was this, that the People would not take crackt Money, though it were never so good Silver; whereupon it came to passe, that the Clothiers and divers Others, receiving great Summes of Money, doe take among it much crackt Money, it Served them to no Use, because it would not goe current, but lay upon their Hands without Profit or Benefit, whereof they prayed Reformation. The Third was a Griefe, whereof *Hodgekins* of Halifax complained, and that was, That whereas the Towne of Halifax lived altogether upon Cloathing, and by the Reason of false Borderers, and other evill-minded Persons, they were oft robbed, and had their Clothes carried out of their Fields, where they were drying: That it would please his Majestie to graunt the Towne this Privilege, That whatsoever he was that was taken stealing their Cloth, might presently without any further Tryall be hanged up. When the Day of their Appearance approached, the Clothiers came before the King, and delivered up their Petition in Writ-

-ing,

ing, which his Majestie most graciously perusing, said, hee was ready to fulfill their Request: and therefore for the first Point of their Petition, he called for a Staffe to be brought him, and measuring thereupon the just Length of his owne Arme, delivered it to the Clothiers, saying, This Measure shall be called a Yard, and no other Measure thorowout all the Realme of England shall be used for the same, and by this shall Men buy and sell, and we will so provide, that whosoever he be that abuseth our Subjects by any false Measure, that he shall not onely pay a Fine for the same to the King, but also have his Body punished by Imprisonment. And as concerning the second Point of your Petition, because of my sudden Departure out of the Land, I know not better how to ease you of this Griefe (of crackt money) this Decree I make, because they account crackt Money not current, I say, none shall be current but crackt Money. And therefore I will give present Charge, that all the Money thorow the Land shall be slit, and so you shall suffer no Losse.

But now for your last Request for the Towne of Halifax; where by Theeves your Clothes are so often stolne from you, seeing the Lawes already provided in that Case, are not sufficient to keep Men

Men in awe, it is indeed high Time to have sharper Punishment for them.

With that *Hodgekins* unmannerly interrupted the King, saying in broad Northerne Speech, Yea, gude Faith, mai Liedg, the faule Evle of mai Saule, giff any Thing will keepe them whiat, till the Karles be hanged up by the Cragge. What the Dule care they for boaring their Eyne, sea lang as they may gae groping up and downe the Country like fause lizar Lownes, begging and craking?

The King smiling to heare this rough-hewne Fellow make this Reply: Content thee, *Hodgekins*, for we will have Redresse for all: and albeit that Hanging of men was never seene in England, yet seeing the corrupt World is growne more bold in all Wickednesse, I thinke it not amisse to ordain this Death for such Malefactors: and peculiarly to to the Towne of Halifax I give this Privilege, That whosoever they finde stealing their Cloth, being taken with the Goods, that without further Judgement, they shall be hanged up.

Thus (said our King) I have granted what you request, and if hereafter you find any other Thing that may be good for you, it shall be granted; for no longer would I desire to live among you, then I have care for the Good of the Common-wealth; at which

which Words ended, the King rose from his royall Throne, while the Clothiers on their Knees prayed for both his Health, and happy Successe, and shewed themselves most thankefull for his Highnesses Favour. His Majestie bending his Body towards them, that at his Home Returne, hee would (by the Grace of God) visit them.

How the Clothiers had provided a sumptuous Feast for the Kings Sonnes, Prince William and Prince Robert, at Gerards Hall: shewing also what Chance befell Cutbert of Kendall at that same Instant.

CHAPTER V.

How the Clothiers had provided a sumptuous Feast for the Kings Sonnes, Prince William *and Prince* Robert, *at Gerards Hall: shewing also what Chance befell* Cutbert *of Kendall at that same Instant.*

THE Clothiers departing from the Court in a merry Mind, joyfull of their good Successe, each one to other praised and magnified the Kings great Wisedome and Vertue, commending also his Affability and gentle Disposition, so that *Hodgekins* affirmed on his Faith, that hee had rather speake to his Kings Majestie, than to many Justices of Peace. Indeed (said *Cole*) he is a most mild and mercifull Prince, and I pray God he may long raigne over us. Amen said the Rest.

Then said *Cole*, My Masters, shall we forget the great Courtesie of the Kings Sonnes, those sweet and gentle Princes, that still shewed us Favour in our Suite? In my Opinion, it were Reason

Reason to gratifie them in some Sort, that we may not utterly bee condemned of Ingratitude: wherefore (if you thinke good) we will prepare a Banquet for them at our Oast *Garrats*, who, as you know, hath a faire House, and goodly Roomes: Besides, the Man himselfe is a most courageous Mind and good Behaviour, sufficient to entertain a Prince; his Wife also is a dainty fine Cooke: all which considered, I know not a fitter Place in London. Tis true, quoth *Sutton*, and if the Rest be content, I am pleased it shall be so. At this they all answered, Yea; for, quoth they, it will not be passing Forty Shillings a Piece, and that we shall recover in our crackt Money.

Being thus agreed, the Feast was prepared. *Tom Dove*, quoth they, we will commit the providing of Musicke to thee: and I, said *Cole*, will invite Divers of our Merchants and their Wives to the same. That is well remembred, said *Gray*. Upon this they called to the Oast and Oastesse, shewing their Determination, who most willingly said, all Things should be made ready, but I would have two Dayes Liberty, said the Good-wife, to prepare my House and other Things. Content, said the Clothiers, in the meane Space we will bid our Guests, and dispatch our other Affaires. But *Simon* of

of Southampton charged his Oastesse, that in any Case she should not forget to make good Store of Pottage. It shall be done, quoth she.

It is to be remembered, that while this Preparation was in hand, that *Cuth.* of Kendall had not forgot his kindness to his Oastesse of Bosoms Inne. Therefore finding Time convenient when her Husband was overseeing his Hay-makers, hee greeted her in this Sort, Sweet Oastesse, though I were the last Time I was in Towne over-bold with you, yet I hope it was not so offensive to you as you made shew for. Bold, my *Cutbert*? quoth she, thou hast vowed thy selfe my Servant: and so being, you are not to bee blamed for doing what I wild you. By my Honesty, I could not chuse but smile to my selfe, so soone as I was out of their Sight, to thinke how prettily you began to brabble. But now, quoth he, we will change our Chidings to Kissings, and it vexeth me that these Cherry Lipps should be subject to such a Lobcocke as thy Husband.

Subject to him? quoth she; in faith; Sir, no, I will have my Lips at as much Liberty as my Tongue, the one to say what I list, and the other to touch whom I like: In Troth, shall I tell thee, *Cutbert*, the Churles Breath smells so strong, that I care

care as much for kissing of him, as for looking on him: it is such a mis-shapen Mizer, and such a Bundle of Beastlinesse, that I can never thinke on him without spitting. Fie upon him, I would my Friends had carried me to my Grave, when they went with me to the Church, to make him my Husband. And so shedding a few dissembling Teares, she stopt. What, my sweet Mistresse, (quoth he) weepe you? Nay, sit downe by my Side, and I will sing thee one of my Countrey Jigges to make thee merry. Wilt thou in Faith? (quoth she.) Yes, verily, said *Cutbert:* And in Troth, quoth she, if you fall a-singing, I will sing with you. That is well, you can so suddenly change your Notes, quoth *Cutbert*, then have at it.

Man. LONG have I lov'd this bonny Lasse,
Yet durst not shew the same.
Wom. Therein you prove your selfe an Asse,
Man. I was the more to blame.
Yet still will I remaine to thee,
Trang dilly do, trang dilly:
Thy Friend and Lover secretly,
Wom. Thou art my owne sweet Bully.

Man. But

Man. But when shall I enjoy thee,
Delight of thy faire Love?
Wom. Even when thou seest that Fortune doth
All manner Lets remove.
Man. O, I will fold thee in my Armes,
Trang dilly do, trang dilly,
And keepe thee so from sudden Harmes.
Wom. Thou art my owne sweet Bully.

Wom. My Husband he is gone from Home,
you know it very well.
Man. But when will he returne againe?
Wom. In Truth I cannot tell.
If long he keepe him out of Sight,
Trang dilly do, trang dilly.
Be sure thou shalt have thy Delight.
Man. Thou art my bonny Lassie.

While they were singing this Song, her Husband being on a sudden come Home, stood secretly in a Corner, and heard all, and blessing himselfe with both his Hands, said, O abominable Dissimulation! monstrous Hypocrisie! and are you in this Humor? can you brawle together and sing together? Well, qd. hee, I will let them alone, to see a little more of their Knavery. Never did Cat watch

watch Mouse so narrowly as I will watch them. And so going into the Kitchen, he asked his Wife if it were not Dinner-time. Even by and by, Husband, (quoth she) the Meat will be ready. Presently after comes in *Hodgekins* and *Martin*, who straight asked for *Cutbert* of Kendall. Answer was made, that he was in his Chamber. So when they had called him, they went to Dinner: then they requested that their Oast and Oastesse would sit with them.

Husband, said she, you may goe if you please: but as for me I will desire Pardon. Nay, Goodwife, goe up, said her Husband. What, Woman, you must beare with your Guests. Why, Husband, qd. she, doe you thinke that any can beare the Flirts and Fromps which that Northerne Tike gave me the last Time he was in Town; now, God forgive me, I had as liefe see the Divell as to see him: therefore, good Husband, goe up your selfe, & let me alone, for in Faith, I shall never abide that Jacke while I live. Upon these Words away went her Husband, and though he said little, he thought the more. Now when he came up, his Guests bade him welcome. I pray you sit downe, good mine Oast, quoth they; where is your Wife? What will she sit with us? No, verily, said he, the fool-

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ish Woman hath taken such a Displeasure against *Cutbert*, that she sweares she will never come in his Company. Is it so? said the other, then trust me we are well agreed: and I sweare by my Fathers Sole, qd. hee, that were it not meere for Good-Will to you, then Love to her, I would never come to your House meere. I beleeve it well, said old *Bosome*. And so with other Communication they drove out the Time, till Dinner was ended.

After they were risen, *Martin* and *Hodgekins* got them forth about their Affaires, but *Cutb.* took his Oast by the Hand, saying, My Oast, Ile goe talke with your Wife: for my Part I thought we had bin Friends: but seeing her Stomacke is so big, and her Heart so great, I will see what she will say to me; with that he stept into the Kitchen, saying, God speed you Oastis. It must be when you are away then, said she. What is your Reason? said the other. Because God never comes where Knaves are present. Gip, goodly Draggletaile, qd. he, had I such a Wife, I would present her Tallow-Face to the Devill for a Candle. With that she bent her Browes, & like a Fury of Hell began to flie at him, saying, Why, you gag-tooth Jacke, you blinking Companion, get thee out out of my Kitchen

Kitchen quickly, or with my powdred Beef-Broth I will make your Pate as bald as a Fryers.

Get me gone? quoth he, thou shalt not bid me twice: out, you dirty Heeles! you will make your Husbands Haire grow thorow his Hood I doubt: and with that he got him into the Hall, and sat him downe on the Bench by his Oast, to whom hee said, Tis pittie, my Oast, that your aged Yeeres, that loves Quietnesse, should be troubled with such a scolding Queane. I, God helpe me, God helpe me, quoth the old Man, and so went towards the Stable: which his Wife watching, suddenly stept out and gave *Cutbert* a Kisse.

Within an Hour after, the old Man craftily called for his Nag to ride to Field: but as soone as he was gone, *Cutbert* and his Oastesse were such good Friends, that they got into one of the Ware-houses, and lockt the Doore to them: but her Husband having set a Spie for the Purpose, suddenly turned backe, and called for a Capcase which lay in the Ware-house. The Servant could not find the Key by any Meanes. Whereupon hee called to have the Locke broke open. Which they within hearing, opened the Doore of their owne Accord. So soone as her Husband espied her in that Place, with Admiration he said, O Passion of my Heart, what doe you

you here? what, you Two that cannot abide one another, what make you so close together? is your Chiding and Rayling, Brabling, and Brauling, come to this? O what Dissemblers are these! Why, my Oast, qd. *Cutbert*, what need you take the Matter so hot? I gave a Cheese to my Country-man *Hodgekins*, to lay up, and delivered it to your Wife to be keept; and then is it not Reason that she should come and seeke me my Cheese? O, quoth the old Man, belike the Dore was lockt, because the Cheese should not run away. The Doore, said his Wife, unknowne to us clapt to its selfe, and having a Spring-Locke, was presently fast. Well, Huswife, qd. he, I will give you as much Credit as a Crocadile, but as for your Companion, I will teach him to come hither to looke Cheeses.

And with that he caused his Men to take him presently, and to bind him Hand and Foot. Which being done, they drew him up in a Basket into the Smoky Lover of the Hall, and there they let him hang all that Night, even till the next Day Dinner-Time, when he should have beene at the Banquet with the Princes: for neither *Hodgekins* nor *Martin* could intreat their inflamed Oast to let him downe.

And in such a heate was hee driven with draw-

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ing him up, that he was faine to cast off his Gownes, his Coates, and two Paire of his Stockings, to coole himselfe, making a Vow he should hang there seven Yeeres, except the Kings Sons came in Person to beg his Pardon, which most of all grieved *Cuth.* When *Cole* and the Rest of the Westerne-Yeomen heard hereof, they could not chose but laugh, to think that he was so taken tardy.

The young Princes having given Promise to be with the Clothiers, kept their Houre, but when all the Rest went to give them Entertainment, *Simon* was so busie in supping his Pottage, that he could not spare so much Time. Which when the Princes saw, with a smiling Countenance they said, Sup, *Simon*, there's good Broth: or else beshrew our Oastesse, quoth he, never looking behind him to see who spake, till the Prince clapt him on the Shoulder. But, good Lord, how blanke he was when he spied them, knowing not how to excuse the Matter.

Well, the Princes having ended their Banket, *Garrat* comes, and with One of his Hands tooke the Table of Sixteene Foote Long quite from the Ground over their Heads, from before the Princes, and set it on the other Side of the Hall, to the great Admiration of all them that beheld it.

The Princes being then ready to depart, the Clothiers

Clothiers moved them in pleasant Maner, to be good to One of their Company, that did neither sit, lie, nor stand. Then he must needs hang, qd. the Princes. And so he doth, most excellent Princes, qd. they; and therewithall told them the whole Matter. When they heard the Storie, downe to *Bosomes* Inne they goe, where looking up into the Roofe, spied poore *Cutbert* pinned up in a Basket, and almost smoaked to Death, who although hee were greatly ashamed, yet most pitifully desired that they would get him Release.

What is his Trespasse? said the Prince. Nothing, if it shall like your Grace, qd. he, but looking for a Cheese: But hee could not find it without my Wife, said the Good-man: the Villaine had lately dined with Mutton, and could not digest his Meate without Cheese, for which cause I have made him to fast these twenty Houres, to the end that he may have a better Stomacke to eate his Dinner, than to use Dalliance.

Let me intreate you, quoth the Prince, to release him: and if ever hereafter you catch him in the Corne, clappe him in the Pownd. Your Grace shall request or command any Thing at my Hand, said the old Man: and so *Cutbert* was let downe unbound, but when he was loose, he vowed never to come

come within that House more. And it is said, the old Man *Bosome* ordained, that in Remembrance of this Deed, every Yeere once all such as came thither to ask for Cheeses, should be so served: which Thing it to this Day kept.

How Simons Wife of Southampton, being wholly bent to Pride and Pleasure, requested her Husband to see London, which being granted, how she got Good-wife Sutton of Salisbury to goe with her, who tooke Crab to go along with them, and how he prophecied of many Things.

CHAPTER VI.

How Simons *Wife of Southampton, being wholly bent to Pride and Pleasure, requested her Husband to see London, which being granted, how she got Good-wife* Sutton *of Salisbury to goe with her, who tooke* Crab *to go along with them, and how he prophecied of many Things.*

THE Clothiers being all come from London, *Suttons* Wife of South-hampton, who was with her Husband very mery and pleasant, brake her Mind unto him in this Sort:

Good Lord, Husband, will you never be so kind as to let me goe to London with you? shall I be pend up in South-hampton, like a Parrat in a Cage, or a Capon in a Coope? I would request no more of you in Lieu of all my Paines, Carke and Care, but to have one Weeks Time to see that faire City: what is this Life, if it be not mixt with some Delight? and what Delight is more pleasing that to see the Fashions and Manners of unknowne Places? Therefore,

Therefore, good Husband, if thou lovest me, deny not this simple request. You know I am no common Gadder, nor have oft troubled you with Travell. God knowes, this may be the last Thing that ever I shall request at your Hands.

Woman, quoth he, I would willingly satisfie your Desire, but you know it is not convenient for both of us to be abroad, our Charge is so great, and therefore our Care ought not to be small. If you will goe your selfe, One of my Men shall go with you, and Money enough you shall have in your Purse: but to go with you my selfe, you see my Businesse will not permit me.

Husband, said she, I accept your gentle Offer, and it may be I shall intreat my Gossip, *Sutton*, to goe along with me. I shall be glad, qd. her Husband, prepare your selfe when you will.

When she had obtained this Licence, she sent her Man *Weasell* to Salisbury, to know of Good-wife *Sutton* if shee would keepe her Company to London. *Suttons* Wife being as willing to go, as she was to request, never rested till she had gotten Leave of her Husband; the which when she had obtained, casting in her Mind their Pleasure would bee small, being but they Twaine: thereupon the wily Woman sent Letters by collericke *Crabbe*, her Man, both to *Grayes*

Grayes Wife, and *Fitzallens* Wife, that they would meet them at Reading, who liking well of the Match, consented, and did so provide, that they met according to Promise at Reading, and from thence with *Coles* Wife they went altogether, with each of them a Man to London, each one taking up their Lodging with a severall Friend.

When the Merchants of London understood they were in Towne, they invited them every Day Home to their owne Houses, where they had delicate good Cheere: and when they went Abroad to see the Commodities of the City, the Merchants Wives ever bore them Company, being attired most dainty and fine: which when the Clothiers Wives did see, it grieved their Hearts they had not the like.

Now, when they were brought into Cheapside, there with great Wonder they beheld the Shops of the Goldsmiths; and on the other Side, the wealthy Mercers, whose Shops shined with all Sorts of coloured Silkes: in Watling-street they viewed the great Number of Drapers: in Saint *Martins*, Shoomakers: at Saint *Nicholas* Church, the Flesh Shambles; at the End of the Old Change, the Fishmongers: in Candleweeke-street, the Weavers: then came into the Jewes-street, where all the Jews did inhabite:

inhabite: then came they to Blackwel-hall, where the Country Clothiers did use to meete.

Afterwards they proceeded, and came to S. *Pauls* Church, whose Steeple was so hie, that it seemed to pierce the Clowdes, on the Top whereof, was a great and mighty Weather-cocke of cleane silver, the which notwithstanding seemed as small as a Sparrow to Mens Eyes, it stood so exceeding High, the which goodly Weathercocke was afterwards stolen away by a cunning Cripple, who found Meanes one Night to climb up to the Top of the Steeple, and tooke it downe: with the which, and a great Summe of Money which he had got together by begging in his Life-time, he builded a Gate on the North-side of the City, which to this Day is called Cripple-gate.

From thence they went to the Tower of London, which was builded by *Julius Caesar*, who was Emperour of Rome. And there they beheld Salt and Wine, which had lyen there ever since the Romanes invaded this Land, which was many Yeares before our Saviour Christ was borne; the Wine was growne so thicke, that it might have been cut like a Jelly. And in that Place also they saw the Money that was made of Leather, which in ancient Time went current amongst the People.

When

When they had to their great Contentation beheld all this, they repaired to their Lodgings, having also a sumptuous Supper ordained for them, with all Delight that might be. And you shall understand, that when the Country Weavers, which came up with their Dames, saw the Weavers of Candlewike-street, they had great Desire presently to have some Conference with them; & thus one began to challenge the other for Workemanship: quoth *Weasell*, Ile worke with any of you all for a Crowne, take if you dare, and he that makes his Yard of Cloth soonest, shall have it. You shall be wrought withall, said the other, and if it were for ten Crownes: but we will make this Bargaine, that each of us shall winde their own Quilles. Content, quoth *Weasell:* and so to worke they went, but *Weasell* lost. Whereupon another of them tooke the Matter in Hand, who lost likewise: so that the London Weavers triumphed against the country, casting forth divers Frumps.

Alas, poore Fellowes, quoth they, your Hearts are good, but your Hands are ill. Tush, the Fault was in their Legs, quoth another: Pray you, Friend, were you not borne at Home? Why doe you aske, quoth *Weasell.* Because, said hee, the biggest Place of your Legge is next to your Shooe

Crab

Crab hearing this, being cholericke of Nature, chafed like a Man of Law at the Barre, & he wagers with them four Crownes to twaine: the others agreed, to Worke they goe: but *Crab* conquered them all. Whereupon the London Weavers were nipt in the Head like Birds, and had not a Word to say.

Now, saith *Crab*, as we have lost Nothing, so you have wonne nothing, & because I know you cannot be right Weavers, except you be Good-fellowes, therefore if you will go with us, we will bestow the Ale upon you. That is spoken like a Good-fellow and like a Weaver, quoth the other. So along they went as it were to the Signe of the Red Crosse.

When they were set downe, & had drunke well, they began merrily to prattle, and to extoll *Crab* to the Skies. Whereupon *Crab* protested, that hee would come and dwell among them. Nay, that must not be, said a London Weaver: the King hath given us Priviledge, that none should live among us, but such as serve seven Yeeres in London. With that *Crab*, according to his old Manner of Prophesying, said thus:

THE Day is very neere at Hand,
When as the King of this faire Land,

Shall

Shall priviledge you more then so:
Then Weavers shall in Skarlet goe.

And to one Brotherhood be brought,
The First is in London wrought,
When other Tradesmen by your Fame,
Shall covet all to doe the same.

Then shall you all live wondrous well,
But this one Thing I shall you tell:
The Day will come before the Doome,
In Candleweeke-street shall stand no Loome.

Nor any Weaver dwelling there,
But Men that shall more Credit beare:
For Clothing shall be sore decayde,
And Men undone that use that Trade.

And yet the Day some Men shall see,
This Trade againe shall raised be.
When as Bayliffe of Sarum Towne;
Shall buy and purchase Bishops Downe.

When there never Man did sow,
Great Store of goodly Corne shall grow;
And Woad, that makes all Colours sound,
Shall spring upon that barren Ground.

At the same Day, I tell you plaine,
Who so alive doth then remaine,
A proper Maiden they shall see,
Within the towne of Salisburie.

Of Favour Sweet, and Nature kind,
With goodly Eyes, and yet starke Blind,
This poore blind Maiden, I do say,
In Age shall go in rich Array.

And he that takes her to his Wife,
Shall lead a joyfull happy Life,
The wealthiest Clothier shall he be
That ever was in that Country.

But Clothing kept as it hath beene,
In London never shall be seene:
For Weavers then the most shall win,
That worke for Clothing next the Skin.

Till Pride the Common-wealth doth peele,
And causeth Huswives leave their Wheele.
Then Poverty upon each Side,
Unto those Workemen shall betide.

At that time, from Eagles Nest,
That proudly builded in the West,
A Sort

A Sort shall come with cunning Hand,
To bring strange Weaving in this Land.

And by their Gaines that great will fall,
They shall maintaine the Weavers Hall:
But long they shall not flourish so,
But Folly will them overthrow.

And Men shall count it mickle Shame,
To beare that kind of Weavers Name,
And this as sure shall come to passe,
As here is Ale within this Glasse.

When the silly Soules that sate about him heard him speake in this Sort, they admired and honoured *Crabbe* for the same. Why, my Masters, said *Weasell*, doe you wonder at these Words? he will tell you Twenty of these Tales, for which Cause we call him our Canvas Prophet. His Attire fits his title, said they, and we never heard the like in our Lives: and if this should be true, it would be strange. Doubt not but it will be true, qd. *Weasell;* for Ile tell you what, he did but once see our *Nicke* kisse *Nel*, and presently he powred out this Rime;

That kisse, O *Nel*, God give thee Joy,
Will nine Months hence breed thee a Boy.

And

And Ile tell you what, you shall heare: we kept Reckoning, and it fell out just as *Jones* buttockes on a Close-stoole; for which Cause our Maids durst never kisse a Man in his Sight: upon this they broke Company, & went every One about his Business, the London Weavers to their Frames, and the Country Fellowes to their Dames, who, after their great Banqueting and Merriment, went every One Home to their owne Houses, though with lesse Money than they brought out, yet with more Pride.

Especially *Simons* Wife of South-hampton, who told the Rest of her Gossips, that she saw no Reason, but that their Husbands should maintain them as well as the Merchants did their Wives: for I tell you what, quoth she, we are as proper Women (in my Conceit,) as the proudest of them all, as handsome of Body, as faire of Face, our Legs as well made, and our Feete as fine: then what Reason is there (seeing our Husbands are of as good Wealth,) but we should be as well maintained?

You say true, Gossip, said *Suttons* Wife: trust me, it made me blush to see them brave it out so gallantly, and wee to goe so homely: but before God, said the other, I will have my Husband to buy me a London Gowne, or in Faith he shall have

have little Quiet: so shall mine, said another: and mine too, qd. the Third: and all of them sing the same Note: so that when they came Home, their Husbands had no little to doe: Especially *Simon*, whose Wife daily lay at him for London Apparell, to whome he said, Good Woman, be content, let us goe according to our Place and Ability: what will the Bailiffes thinke, if I should prancke thee up like a Peacocke, and thou in thy Attire surpasse their Wives? they would either thinke I were mad, or else that I had more Money than I could well use: consider, I pray thee, good Wife, that such as are in their Youth Masters, doe prove in their Age starke Beggars.

Beside that, it is enough to raise me up in the Kings Booke, for many times Mens Coffers are judged by their Garments: why, we are Country Folks, and must keepe our selves in good Compasse: gray Russett, and good Hempe-spun Cloth doth best become us; I tell thee Wife, it were as undecent for us to goe like Londoners as it is for Londoners to go like Courtiers.

What a Coyle keepe you? quoth she, are not we Gods Creatures as well as Londoners? and the Kings Subjects, as well as they? then, finding our Wealth to be as good as theirs, why should we not goe

goe as gay as Londoners? No, Husband, no, here is the Fault, wee are kept without it, onely because our Husbands be not so kind as Londoners: why, Man, a Cobler there keepes his Wife better than the best Clothier in this Countrey: nay, I will affirm it, that the London Oyster-wives, and the very Kitchen-stuffe Cryers, doe exceed us in their Sundaies Attire: nay, more than that, I did see the Water-bearers Wife, which belongs to one of our Merchants, come in with a Tankerd of Water on her Shoulder, and yet Half a Dozen Gold Rings on her Fingers. You may then thinke, Wife (quoth he) she got them not with Idlenesse.

But, Wife, you must consider what London is, the chiefe and capitall City of all the Land, a Place on the which all Strangers cast their Eyes, it is (Wife) the Kings Chamber and his Majesties royall Seate: to that City repaires all Nations under Heaven. Therefore it is most meete and convenient, that the Citizens of such a City should not goe in their Apparell like Peasants, but for the Credit of our Country, weare such seemely Habits as do carry Gravity and Comelinesse in the Eyes of all Beholders. But if wee of the Country went so (quoth she) were it not as great Credit for the Land as the other? Woman, qd. her Husband, it is altogether

altogether needlesse, and in divers Respects it may not be. Why then, I pray you, quoth she, let us goe dwell at London. A Word soone spoken, said her Husband, but not so so easie to be performed: therefore, Wife, I pray thee hold thy Prating, for thy Talke is foolish: yea, yea, Husband, your old churlish Conditions will never be left, you keep me here like a Drudge and a Droile, and so you may keepe your Money in your Purse, you care not for your Credit, but before I will goe so like a Shepheardesse, I will first goe naked: and I tell you plaine, I scorne it greatly, that you should clap a gray Gowne on my Backe, as if I had not brought you Two-pence: before I was married, you swore I should have any Thing that I requested, but now all is forgotten. And in saying this, she went in, and soone after she was so sicke, that needes she must goe to Bed: and when she was laid, she drave out that Night with many grievous Groanes, Sighing and Sobbing, and no Rest she could take God wot. And in the Morning when shee should rise, the good Soule fell downe in a swowne, which put her Maidens in a great Fright, who running downe to their Master, cryed out, Alas, alas, our Dame is dead! our Dame is dead! The Good-man hearing this, ran up in all Hast, and there fell to rubbing

rubbing and chafing of her Temples, sending for *aqua vitae*, and saying, Ah, my Sweet-heart, speake to me, Good-wife, alacke, alacke! call in the Neighbours, you Queanes, quoth he. With that she lift up her Head, fetching a great Groane, and presently swouned againe, and much a doe ywis, he had to keep Life in her: but when she was come to her selfe, How dost thou, Wife? qd. he. What wilt thou have? for Gods sake tell me if thou hast a Mind to any Thing, thou shalt have it. Away, Dissembler (qd. she) how can I beleeve thee? thou hast said to me as much a hundred Times, and deceived me; it is thy Churlishnesse that hath killed my Heart, never was Woman matcht to so unkind a Man.

Nay, Good-wife, blame me not without Cause; God knoweth how heartily I Love thee. Love me? no, no, thou didst never carry my Love but on the Tip of thy Tongue, quoth she; I dare sweare thou desirest Nothing so much as my Death, and as for my Part, I would to God thou hadst thy Desire: but be content, I shall not trouble thee long: and with that fetching a Sigh, she swouned and gave a great Groane. The Man seeing her in this Case, was wondrous woe: but so soone as they had recovered her, he said, O my deare Wife, if any bad Conceit

Conceit hath ingendered this Sicknesse, let me know it; or if thou knowst any Thing that may procure thy Health, let me understand thereof, and I protest thou shalt have it, if it cost me all that ever I have.

O Husband, quoth she, how may I credit your Words, when for a paltry Sute of Apparell you denyed me? Well, Wife, quoth he, thou shalt have Apparell or any Thing else thou wilt request, if God send thee once more Health. O Husband, if I may find you so kind, I shall thinke my selfe the happiest Woman in the World, thy Words have greatly comforted my Heart, mee thinketh if I had it, I could drink a good Draught of Renish Wine. Well, Wine was sent for: O Lord, she said, that I had a Piece of Chicken, I feele my Stomache desirous of some Meate. Glad am I of that, said her Husband and so the Woman within a few Dayes after that was very well.

But you shall understand, that her Husband was faine to dresse her London-like, ere he could get her quiet, neither would it please her except the Stuffe was bought in Cheapside: for out of Cheapside Nothing would content her, were it never so good: insomuch, that if she thought a Taylor of Cheapside

Cheapside made not her Gowne, she would sweare it were quite spoiled.

And having thus wonne her Husband to her Will, when the Rest of the Clothiers Wives heard thereof, they would be suted in the same Sort too: so that ever since, the Wives of South-hampton, Salisbury, of Glocester, Worcester, and Reading, went all as gallant and as brave as any Londoners Wives.

How the Clothiers sent the King Aide into France, and how he overcame his Brother Robert, and brought him into England, and how the Clothiers feasted his Majesty and his Sonne at Reading.

CHAPTER VII.

How the Clothiers sent the King Aide into France, and how he overcame his Brother Robert, *and brought him into England, and how the Clothiers feasted his Majesty and his Sonne at Reading.*

THE Kings Majestie being at the Warres in France, against *Lewis* the French King, and Duke *Robert* of Normandy, sending for divers Supplies of Souldiers out of England, the Clothiers at their owne proper Cost sent out a great Number, and sent them over to the King.

Which *Roger* Bishop of Salisbury, who governed the Realme in the Kings Absence, did certifie the King thereof, with his Letters written in their Commendations.

And afterward it came to passe, that God sent his Highness Victory over his Enemies, and having taken his Brother Prisoner, brought him most joyfully with him into England, and appointed him to be kept in Cardife Castle Prisoner, yet with this Favour,

Favour, that he might hunt and hawke where he would up and downe the Country, and in this Sorte he lived a good while, of whom we will speake more at large hereafter.

The King being thus come Home, after his Winters Rest, he made his Summers Progresse into the West-countrey, to take a View of all the Chiefe Townes: whereof the Clothiers being advertised, they made great Preparation against his Comming, because he had promised to visit them all.

And when his Grace came to Reading, he was entertained with great Joy and Triumph: *Thomas Cole* being the chiefe Man of Regard in all the Towne, the King honoured his House with his Princely Presence, where during the Kings Abode, he and his Sonne and Nobles were highly feasted.

There the King beheld the great Number of People, that was by that one Man maintained in Worke, whose hearty Affection and Love toward his Majestie did well appeare, as well by their outward Countenances, as their Gifts presented unto him. But of *Cole* himselfe the King was so well perswaded, that he committed such Trust in him, and put him in great Authority in the Towne. Furthermore the King said, That for the Love which those People bore him living, that hee would lay

lay his Bones among them when he was dead. For I know not, said he, where they may be better bestowed, till the blessed Day of Resurrection, than among these my Friends, which are like to be happy Partakers of the same.

Whereupon his Majestie caused there to be builded a most goodly and famous Abbey: in which he might shew his Devotion to God, by increasing his Service, and leave Example to other his Successors to doe the like. Likewise within the Towne he after builded a faire and goodly Castle, in the which he often kept his Court, which was a Place of his chiefe Residence during his Life, saying to the Clothiers, that seeing he found them such faithfull Subjects, he would be their Neighbour, and dwell among them.

After his Majesties royall Feasting at Reading, he proceeded in Progresse, till he had visited the whole West-countries, being wondrously delighted to see those People so diligent to apply their Businesse: and comming to Salisbury, the Bishop received his Majesty with great Joy, and with Triumph attended on his Grace to his Palace, where his Highnesse lodged.

There *Sutton* the Clothier presented his Highnesse with a Broad Cloth, of so fine a Threed, and exceeding

exceeding good Workmanship, and therewithall of so faire a Colour, as his Grace gave Commendation thereof, and, as it is said, he held it in such high Estimation, that thereof he made his Parliament Robes, & the first Parliament that was ever in England was graced with the Kings Person in those Robes, in Requitall whereof his Highness afterward yeelded *Sutton* many princely Favours.

And it is to be remembred, that *Simon* of South-hampton (seeing the King had overpast the Place where he dwelt) came with his Wife and Servants to Salisbury, and against the K. going forth of that City, hee caused a most pleasant Arbour to be made upon the Toppe of the Hill leading to Salisburie, beset all with red and white Roses, in such Sort, that not any Part of the Timber could be seene, within the which sat a Maiden attired like a Queen, attended on by a faire Traine of Maidens, who at the Kings Approach presented him with a Garland of sweet Flowres, yeelding him such Honour as the Ladies of Rome were wont to doe to their Princes after their Victories: which the King tooke in gracious Part, and for his Farewell from that Country, they bore him Company over Part of the Plaine, with the Sound of divers sweet Instruments of Musicke. All which, when his Grace understood

understood was done at the Cost of a Clothier, he said he was the most honoured by those Men, above all the meane Subjects in his Land: & so his Highness past on to Exceter, having given great Rewards to these Maidens.

Tomas Dove and the Residue of the Clothiers, against his Graces comming thither, had ordained divers sumptuous Shewes; first, there was One that presented the Person of *Augustus Cesar* the Emperour, who commanded after the Romane Invasion, that their City should be called *Augustus*, after his owne Name, which before Time was called Isca, and of later Yeeres, Exeter.

There his Majesty was royally feasted seven Dayes together, at the onely Cost of Clothiers, but the divers Delightes and sundry Pastimes which they made there before the King, and his Nobles, is too long here to be rehearsed, and therefore I will overpasse them to avoid Tediousnesse.

His Grace then coasting along the Country, at last came to Glocester, an ancient City, which was builded by *Glove*, a Brittish King, who named it after his owne Name, Glocester. Here was his Majesty entertained by *Gray* the Clothier, who profest himselfe to be of that ancient Family of Grayes, whose first Originall issued out of that

that ancient and Honorable Castle and Towne of Rithin.

Here was the King most bountifully feasted, having in his Company his Brother *Robert* (although his Prisoner the same Time.) And his Grace being desirous to see the Maidens card and spinne, they were of Purpose set to their Worke: among whom was faire *Margaret* with her white Hand, whose excellent Beauty having pierct the Eyes of the amorous Duke, it made such an Impression in his Heart, that afterward he could never forget her: and so vehemently was his Affection kindled, that he could take no Rest, till by writing he had bewrayed his Minde: but of this we will speake more in another Place: and the King at his Departure said, that to gratifie them, hee would make his sonne *Robert* their Earle, which was the first Earle that ever was in Glocester.

Now when his Grace was come from thence, he went to Worcester, where *William Fitz-allen* made Preparation in all honourable Sort to receive him, which Man being borne of great Parentage, was not to learne how to entertaine his Majestie, being descended of that famous Family, whose Patrimony lay about the Towne of Oswestrie, which Towne

Towne his Predecessors had inclosed with stately Walls of Stone.

Although adverse Fortune had so greviously frowned on some of them, that their Children were fain to become Tradesmen, whose Hands were to them in stead of Lands, notwithstanding God raised againe the Fame of this Man, both by his great Wealth, and also in his Posterity, whose eldest Son *Henry*, the Kings God-son, became afterward the Maior of London, who was the first Maior that ever was in that City, who governed the same 23 Yeeres: and then his Son *Roger Fitz-allen* was the second Mayor.

The princely Pleasures that in Worcester were shewn the King, were many and marvelous, and in no Place had his Majesty received more Delight then here: for the which at his Departure he did shew himselfe very thankefull. Now when his Grace had thus taken View of all his good Townes west-ward, and in that Progresse had visited these Clothiers, he returned to London, with great Joy of his Commons.

How Hodgekins of Halifax came to the Court, and complained to the King, that his Privilege was nothing worth, because when they found any Offender, they could not get a Hangman to execute him: and how by a Fryer a Gin was devised to chop off Mens Heads of it selfe.

CHAPTER VIII.

How Hodgekins *of Halifax came to the Court, and complained to the King, that his Privilege was nothing worth, because when they found any Offender, they could not get a Hangman to execute him: and how by a Fryer a Gin was devised to chop off Mens Heads of it selfe.*

AFTER that *Hodgekins* had got the Priviledge for the Towne of Halifax, to hang up such Theeves as stole their Cloth in the Night, presently without any further Judgement, all the Clothiers of the Towne were exceedingly glad, and perswaded themselves, that now their Goods would be safe all Night, without watching them at all, so that whereas before, the Towne maintained certaine Watchmen to keepe their Cloth by Night, they were hereupon dismissed as a Thing needlesse to be done, supposing with themselves, that seeing they should be straight hanged that were found faulty in this Point, that no Man would be so des-

-perate

perate to enterprise any such Act. And indeed the Matter being noysed through the whole Country, that they were straight to be hanged that use such Theevery, it made many lewd Livers to restraine such Theevery.

Nevertheless, there was at that same Time living, a notable Theefe named *Wallis*, whom in the North they called *Mighty Wallis*, in regard to his Valour and Manhood: This Man being most subtile in such Kind of Knavery, having heard of this late Priviledge, and therewithall of the Townes Security, said that once he would venture his Necke for a Packe of Northerne Cloth: and therefore comming to One or Two of his Companions, he asked if they would be Partners in his Adventure, and if (quoth he) you will herein hazard your Bodies, you shall be Sharers in all our Booties.

At length by many Perswasions the Men consented: whereupon late in the Night they got them all into a Farriours Shop, and called up the Folkes of the House. What the foule ill wald you have (quoth they) at this Time of the Night? *Wallis* answered, saying, Good-fellowes, we would have you to remove the Shooes of our Horses Feete, and set them on againe, and for your Paines you shall be well pleased. The Smith at length was perswaded, and

and when he had pluckt off all the Shooes from their Horses Feete, they would needes have them all set on againe, quite contrary with the Cakins forward, that should stand backward. How? fay, fay, Man, qd. the Smith, are ye like Fules? what the Deele doe you meane to breake your Crags? gud Faith, I tro the Men be wood. Not so, Smith, qd. they, do thou as we bid thee, & thou shalt have thy Money: for it is an old Proverbe,

Be it better, or be it worse,
Please you the Man that beares the Purse.

Gud Faith, and see I sall, qd. the Smith, and so did as hee was willed. When *Wallis* had thus caused their Horses to be shod, to Hallifax they went, where they without any Let, laded their Horses with Cloth, and so departed contrary Way.

In the Morning, so soone as the Clothiers came to the Field, they found that they were robd, whereupon one ranne to another to tell these Things. Now when *Hodgekins* heard thereof, rising up in Haste, he wild his Neighbors to marke and to see, if they could not descry either the Foot-steppes of Men or Horses. Which being done, they perceived that Horses had beene there, and seeking to pursue

pursue them by their Foot-steppes, they went a cleane contrary Way, by Reason that the Horses were shodde backward: and when in vaine they had long pursued them, they returned, being never the neere. Now *Wallis* used his Feate so long, that at length he was taken, and Two more with him: whereupon according to the Priviledge of the Towne, they put Halters about the Theeves Neckes presently to hang them up.

When they were come to the Place appointed, *Wallis* and the Rest being out of Hope to escape Death, prepared themselves patiently to suffer the Rigor of the Law. And therewith the Rest laying open the Lewdnesse of his Life, greviously lamenting for his Sinnes, at length commending their Soules to God, they yeelded their Bodies to the Grave, with which Sight the People were greatly mooved with Pity, because they had never seene Men come to hanging before: but when they should have been tyed up, *Hodgekins* willed one of his Neighbours to play the Hang-mans Part, who would not by any Meanes doe it, although he was a very poore Man, who for his Paines should have beene possest of all their Apparell. When he would not yeeld to the Office, one of those which had his Cloth stolen, was commanded to doe the Deed; but he

he in like Maner would not, saying: When I have the Skill to make a Man, I will hang a Man, if it chance my Workemanship doe not like me.

And thus from one to another, the Office of the Hang-man was posted off. At last a Rogue came by, whom they would have compelled to have done that Deed. Nay, my masters, qd. he, not so: but as you have got a Priviledge for the Towne, so you were best to procure a Commission to make a Hang-man, or else you are like to bē without for me. Neighbor *Hodgekins*, quoth one, I pray you doe this Office your selfe, you have had most Losse, and therefore you should be the most ready to hang them your selfe. No, not I (quoth *Hodgekins*,) though my Losse were ten Times greater than it is; notwithstanding look which of these Theeves will take upon him to hang the other, shall have his Life saved, otherwise they shall all to Prison till I can provide a Hangman.

When *Wallis* saw the Matter brought to this Passe, he began stoutly to reply, saying, My Masters of the Towne of Halifax, though your Priviledge stretch to hang Men up presently that are found stealing of your Goods, yet it gives you no Warrant to imprison them till you provide them a Hangman: my selfe, with these my Fellowes, have here yeelded our

our selves to satisfie the Law, and if it be not performed, the Fault is yours, and not ours, and therefore we humbly take our Leave: from the Gallowes the xviii of August. And with that he leapt from the Ladder, and hurl'd the Halter at *Hodgekins* Face.

When the Clothiers saw this, they knew not what to say, but taking them by the Sleeves, entreated to have their owne againe. Not so, qd. *Wallis*, you get not the Value of a Placke or a Bawby: we have stolne your Cloth, then why doe you not hang us? here we have made our selves ready, and if you will not hang us, chuse. A Plague upon you, quoth he, you have hindered me God knowes what: I made Account to dine this Day in Heaven, and you keepe me here on Earth, where there is not a Quarter of that good Cheare. The foule Evill take you all; I was fully provided to give the Gallowes a Boxe on the Eare, and now God knowes when I shall be in so good a Minde againe: and so he with the rest of his Companions departed.

When *Hodgekins* saw, that notwithstanding their Theevery, how they flowted at their Lenity, he was much mooved in Minde: and as he stood in his Dumps chewing his Cud, making his Dinner with a Dish

Dish of Melancholy, a Gray Fryar reverently saluted him in this Sort: All haile, good-man *Hodgekins*, Happiness and Health be ever with you, and and to all Suppressors of lewd Livers, God send everlasting Joyes.

I am sorry, Good-man *Hodgekins*, that the great Priviledge which our King gave to this Towne, comes to no greater Purpose: better farre had it beene that it had never beene granted, then so lightly regarded: the Towne hath suffered through their owne Peevishnesse, an everlasting Reproch this Day, onely because foolish Pitty hath hindred Justice.

Consider, that Compassion is not to be had upon Theeves and Robbers: Pity onely appertaineth to the vertuous Sort, who are overwhelmed with the Waves of Misery and Mischance. What great Cause of Boldnesse have you given to bad Livers, by letting these Fellowes thus to escape, and how shall you now keepe your Goods in Safety, seeing you fulfill not the Law, which should be your Defence? never thinke that Theeves will make any Conscience to carry away your Goods, when they find them selves in no Danger of Death, who have more Cause to praise your Pity, then commend your Wisedome: wherefore in Time seeke to prevent the ensuing Evil.

For

For my owne Part, I have that Care of your Good, that I would worke all good Meanes for your Benefit, and yet not so much in respect of your Profit as for the Desire I have to uphold Justice, and seeing I find you and the Rest so womanish, that you could not find in your Hearts to hang a Theefe, I have devised how to make a Gin, that shall cut of their Heads without Mans Helpe, and if the King will allow thereof.

When *Hodgekins* heard this, he was somewhat comforted in Mind, and said to the Fryer, that if by his Cunning he would performe it, he would once againe make Sute to the King to have his Grant for the same. The Fryer willed him to have no Doubt in him: and so when he had devised it, he got a Carpenter to frame it out of Hand.

Hodgekins in the meane Time posted up to the Court, and told his Majesty that the Priviledge of Halifax was not worth a Pudding. Why so? said the King. Because, quoth *Hodgekins*, we can get never a Hangman to trusse our Theeves: but if it shall like your good Grace, (quoth he) there is a feate Fryer, that will make us a Device, which shall without the Hand of Man cut off the Cragges of of all such Carles, if your Majesty will please to allow thereof.

The

The King understanding the full Effect of the Matter, at length granted his Petition: whereupon till this Day, it is observed in Hallifax, that such as are taken stealing of their Cloth have their Heads chopt off with the same Gin.

How the Bailiffes of London could get no Man to bee a Catchpole, and how certaine Flemings tooke that Office upon them, whereof many of them were fledde into this Realme, by Reason of certaine Waters that had drowned a great Part of their Country.

CHAPTER IX.

How the Bailiffes of London could get no Man to bee a Catchpole, and how certaine Flemings tooke that Office upon them, whereof many of them were fledde into this Realme, by Reason of certaine Waters that had drowned a great Part of their Country.

THE City of London being at that Time governed by Bailiffes, it came to passe, that in a certain Fray two of their Catchpoles were killed, for at that Time they had not the Name of Sergeants: and you shall understand, that their Office was then so much hated and detested of Englishmen, that none of them would take it upon him: so that the Bailiffes were glad to get any Man whatsoever, and to give him certain Wages to performe that Office.

It came to passe, as I said before, that Two of their Officers by arresting of a Man, were at one Instant slaine, by Meanes whereof the Bailiffes were enforced to seeke Others to put in their Roomes,

Roomes, but by no Meanes could they get any, wherefore according to their wonted Manner, they made Proclamation, that if there were any Man that would present himselfe before them, he should not onely be settled in that Office during their Lives, but also should have such Maintenance and Allowance, as for such Men was by the City provided: & notwithstanding that it was an Office most necessary in the Commonwealth, yet did the poorest Wretch despise it, that lived in any estimation among his Neighbours.

At last, a Couple of Flemings, which were fled into this Land, by Reason that their Country was drowned with the Sea, heering the Proclamation, offered themselves unto the Bayliffes, to serve in this Place, who were presently received and accepted, & according to Order had Garments given them, which were of 2 Colors, blue & red their Coates, Breeches & Stockings, whereby they were known and discerned from other Men.

Within Halfe a Yeere after it came to passe, that *Thomas Dove* of Exeter came up to London, who having by his Jolity and Goodfellowship, brought himselfe greatly behind Hand, was in Danger to divers Men of the Citie, among the Rest, one of his Creditors feed an Officer to arrest him. The Dutchman,

Dutchman, that had not beene long experienced in such Matters, and hearing how many of his Fellows had beene killed for attempting to arrest Men, stood quivering and quaking in a Corner of the Street to watch for *Thomas Dove*, and having long waited, at length he espied him: whereupon he prepared his Mace ready, and with a pale Countenance proceeded to his Office; at what Time comming behind the Man, suddenly with his Mace he knockt him on the Pate, saying, I arrest you, giving him such a Blow, that he fell him to the Ground.

The Catchpole thinking he had killed the Man, he left his Mace behind him and ranne away: the Creditor he ranne after him, calling and crying that he should turne againe: But the Fleming would not by any Meanes turne backe, but got him quite out of the City, and tooke Sanctuary at Westminster.

Dove being come to himselfe, arose and went to his Inne, no Man hindring his Passage, being not a little glad he so escaped the Danger. Yet neverthelesse, at his next coming to London, another Catchpole met with him, and arrested him in the Kings Name.

Dove

Dove being dismayed at this mischievous Mischance, knew not what to doe: at last he requested the Catchpole that hee would not violently cast him in Prison, but stay till such Time as he could send for a Friend to be his Surety; and although Kindnesse in a Catchpole be rare, yet was he won with faire Words to doe him this Favour: whereupon *Dove* desired one to go to his Oast *Jarrat*, who immediately came with him, & offered himselfe to be *Doves* Surety.

The Officer, who never saw this Man before, was much amazed at his Sight: for *Jarrat* was a great and mighty Man of Body, of Countenance grim, and exceeding high of Stature, so that the Catchpole was wonderfully afraid, asking if he could find never a Surety but the Devill, most fearfully intreating him to conjure him away, and he would doe *Dove* any Favour. What, will you not take my Word? qd. *Jarrat?* Sir, qd. the Catchpole, if it were for any Matter in Hell, I would take your Word as soone as any Divels in that Place, but seeing it is for a Matter on Earth, I would gladly have a Surety.

Why, thou whorson Cricket! (quoth *Jarrat*,) thou Maggat-apie! thou Spinner! thou paultry Spider! dost thou take me for a Devill? Sirra, take my

my Word, I charge thee, for this Man, or else goodman Butter-fly, Ile make thee repent it. The Officer, while he was in the House, said he was content, but as soone as he came into the Street, he cryed, saying, Helpe, helpe, good Neighbors, or else the Devill will carry away my Prisoner: notwithstanding, there was not one Man would stirre to be the Catchpoles Aide. Which when he saw, he tooke fast hold on *Thomas Dove*, and would not by any Meanes let him goe.

Jarrat, seeing this, made no more adoe, but comming to the Officer, gave him such a Fillop on the Forehead with his Finger, that he fell the poore Fleming to the Ground: and while he lay in the Streete stretching his Heeles, *Jarrat* took *Dove* under his Arme and carried him Home, where he thought himselfe as Safe as King *Charlemaine* in Mount-Albion.

The next morning *Jarrat* conveyed *Dove* out of Towne, who afterward kept him in the Country, and came no more in the Catchpoles Clawes.

How Duke Robert came a wooing to Margaret with the white Hand, and how he appointed to come and steale her away from her Masters.

CHAPTER X.

How Duke Robert *came a wooing to* Margaret *with the white Hand, and how he appointed to come and steale her away from her Masters.*

THE beautiful *Margaret*, who had now dwelt with her Dame the space of foure Yeeres, was highly regarded and secretly beloved of many gallant and worthy Gentlemen of the Country, but of Two most especially, Duke *Robert*, and Sir *William Ferris*. It chanced on a Time that faire *Margaret*, with many Others of her Masters Folkes; went a Hay-making: attired in a red Stammell Peticoate, and a broad Strawne Hat upon her Head; she had also a Hay-forke, and in her Lappe she did carry her Breake-fast. As she went along, Duke *Robert*, with One or Two of his Keepers, met with her, whose amiable Sight did now anew re-inkindle the secret Fire of Love, which long lay smothering in his Heart. Wherefore meeting her so happily, he saluted her thus friendly.

Faire

Faire Maid, good Morow, are you walking so diligently to your Labour? Needes must the Weather be faire, when the Sun shines so cleare, and the Hay wholesome that is dryed with such splendent Rayes. Renowned and most notable Duke (qd. she) poore Harvest Folkes pray for faire Weather, and it is the Laborers Comfort to see his Worke prosper, and the more happy may we count the Day, that is blessed with your princely Presence. But more happy, said the Duke, are they which are conversant in thy Company. But let me intreat thee to turne backe to thy Masters with me, and commit thy Forke to some that are fitter for such Toyle: trust me, me thinkes thy Dame is too much ill-advised in setting thee to such homely Busines. I muse thou canst indure this vile beseeming Servitude, whose delicate Lims were never framed to prove such painefull Experiments.

Albeit, quoth she, it becommeth not me to controule your judiciall Thoughts, yet, were you not the Duke, I would say, your Opinion deceived you: though your faire Eyes seeme cleare, yet I deemed them unperfect, if they cast before your Mind any Shadow or Sparke of Beauty in me: But I rather thinke, because it hath beene an old Saying, that Women

Women are proud to heare themselves praised, that you either speake this to drive away the Time, or to wring from me my too apparant Imperfections. But I humbly intreate Pardon, too longe have I fore-slowed my Businesse, and shewne myselfe over-bold in your Presence; and therewith, with a courtly Grace, bending her Knees to the courteous Duke, she went forward to the Field, and the Duke to the Towne of Glocester.

When he came thither, he made his Keepers great Cheare, intreating them they would give him Respit to be awhile with old *Gray;* for we Twaine must have a Game or Two, quoth he: and for my safe Returne, I gage you my princely Word, that as I am a true Knight and a Gentleman, I will returne safe to your Charge againe.

The Keepers being content, the Duke departed, and with old *Gray* goes to the Field, to peruse the Worke-folkes, where while *Gray* found himselfe busie in many Matters, he tooke Opportunity to talke with *Margaret;* shee who by his Letters before was privie to his Purpose, guest beforehand the Cause of his comming: to whom he spake to this effect:

Faire Maid, I did long since manifest my Love to thee by my Letter; tell me, therefore, were it not

not better to be a Dutches then Drudge? a Lady of high Reputatione, then a Servant of simple Degree? With me thou mightest live in Pleasure, where here thou drawest thy Dayes forth in Paine; by my Love thou shouldst be made a Lady of great Treasures: where now thou art poore and beggerly: all Manner of Delights should then attend on thee, and whatsoever thy Heart desireth, thou shouldst have: wherefore seeing it lyes in thy owne Choice, make thyselfe happy by consenting to my Suite.

Sir, (quoth she) I confesse your Love deserves a Ladies Favour, your Affection a faithful Friend, such a One as could make but one Heart and Mind of two Hearts & Bodyes; but farre unfit it is that the Turtle should match with the Eagle, though her Love be never so pure, her Wings are unfit to mount so high. While *Thales* gazed on the Starres, he stumbled in a Pit. And they that clime unadvisedly, catch a Fall suddenly: what availeth high Dignity in Time of Adversity? it neither helpeth the Sorrow of the Heart, nor removes the Bodies Misery: as for Wealth and Treasure, what are they, but Fortunes Baits to bring Men in Danger? good for nothing but to make People forget themselves: & whereas you alleadge Poverty to be a Hinderer of the Hearts Comfort, I find it my

my selfe contrary, knowing more Surety under a simple Habit, than a royall Robe: and verily there is none in the World poore, but they that think themselves poore: for such as are indued with Content are rich, having nothing else; but he that is possessed with Riches without Content, is most wretched and miserable. Wherefore, most noble Duke, albeit I account my Life unworthy of your least Favour, yet I would desire you to match your Love to your Like, and let me rest to my Rake, and use my Forke for my Living.

Consider, faire *Margaret* (quoth he) that it lyes not in Mans Power to place his Love where he list, being the Worke of an high Deity. A Bird was never seene in Pontus, nor true Love in a fleeting Mind: never shall remove the Affection of my Heart, which in Nature resembleth the Stone Abiston, whose Fire can never be cooled: wherefore, sweet Maiden, give not obstinate denial, where gentle Acceptance ought to be received.

Faire sir, (quoth she) consider what high Displeasure may rise by a rash Match, what Danger a Kings Frownes may breed; my worthless Matching with your Royalty may perhaps regaine your Liberty, and hazard my Life; then call to Mind how little

little you should enjoy your Love or I my wedded Lord.

The Duke at these Words made this Reply, that if she consented, she should not dread any Danger. The Thunder (quoth he) is driven away by ringing of Belles, the Lions wrath qualified by a yeelding Body: how much more a Brothers Anger with a Brothers Intreaty? By me he hath received many Favors, and never yet did he requite any One of them: and who is ignorant that the princely Crown which adorneth his Head is my Right? all which I am content he shall still enjoy, so he requite my Kindnesse. But if he should not, then would I be like those Men (that eating of the tree Lutes) forget the County where they were borne; and never more should this Clime cover my Head, but with thee would I live in a strange Land, being better content with an Egge in thy Company, then with all the Delicates in England.

The Maiden hearing this, who with many other Words was long wooed, at last consented; where yeelding to him her Heart with her Hand, he departed, appointing to certifie her from Cardiffe Castle, what Determination he would follow: so taking his leave of *Gray*, he went to his Brothers, and with them posted to Cardiffe.

Now

Now it is to be remembered, that Sir *William Ferrers*, within a day or two after, came into *Grayes* house, as it was his ordinary Custome, but not so much ywis for *Grayes* Company, as for the Minde he had to *Margaret* his Maiden, who although he were a married Man, and had a faire Lady to his Wife, yet he laid hard Siege to the Fort of this Maidens Chastity, having with many faire Words sought to allure her, and by the Offer of sundry rich Gifts to tempt her. But when she saw, that by a hundred Denials she could not be rid of him, she now chanced on a Sudden to give him such an Answer, as drove him from a Deceit into such Conceit, as never after that time he troubled her.

Sir *William Ferrers* being very importunate to have her grant his Desire, and when after sundry Assaults she gave him still the Repulse, hee would would needes know the Reason why shee should not love him; quoth he, If thou didst but consider who he is that seeketh thy Favour, what Pleasure he may doe thee by his Purse, and what Credit by his Countenance, thou wouldst never stand on such nice Points. If I be thy Friend, who dareth be thy Foe? and what is he that will once call thy Name in Question for Anything? therefore, sweet Girle,

Girle, be better advised, and refuse not my Offer, being so large.

Truly, Sir *William* (quoth she) though there be many Reasons to make me deny your Suite, yet is there one above the Rest that causes me I cannot love you. Now, I pray thee, my Wench, let me know that, quoth he, and I will amend it, whatsoever it be. Pardon me, Sir, said *Margaret;* if I should speake my Mind, it would possibly offend you, and doe me no Pleasure, because it is a Defect in Nature, which no Phisicke can cure. Sir *William* hearing her on so, being abashed at her Speech, said, Faire *Margaret*, let me (if I may obtaine no more at thy Hands) yet intreat thee to know what this Defect should be: I am not wry-neckt, crook-legd, stub-footed, lame-handed, nor bleare-eyed: what can make this Mislike? I never knew any Body that tooke Exceptions at my Person before.

And the more sorry am I, quoth she, that I was so mala-pert to speake it; but pardon me my Presumption, good Sir *William;* I would I had beene like the Storke, tonguelesse, then should I never have caused your Disquiet. Nay, sweet *Margaret*, quoth he, tell me, deare Love, I commend thy Singlenesse of Heart, good *Margaret*, speake. Good Sir *William*, let it rest, quoth she; I know you will

will not beleeve it when I have revealed it, neither is it a Thing that you can helpe: and yet such is my Foolishnesse, had it not beene for that, I thinke verily I had granted your Suite ere now. But seeing you urge me so much to know what it is, I will tell you: it is, Sir, your ill-favoured great Nose, that hangs sagging so lothsomely to your Lips, that I cannot finde in my Heart so much as to kisse you.

What, my Nose! quoth he, is my Nose so great and I never knew it? certainly I thought my Nose to be as comely as any Mans: but this it is, we are all apt to think well of our selves, and a great deale better then we ought: but let me see, my Nose! by the Masse, tis true, I doe now feele it my selfe: Good Lord, how was I blinded before? Hereupon it is certaine, that the Knight was driven into such a Conceit, as none could perswade him but his Nose was so great indeed: his Lady, or any other that spake to the contrarie, he would say they were Flatterers, and that they lied, insomuch that he would be ready to strike some of them that commended and spake well of his Nose. If they were Men of Worship, or any other that contraried him in his Opinion, he would sweare they flowted him, and be ready to challenge them the Field.

Field. He became so ashamed of himselfe, that after that Day he would never go Abroad, whereby *Margaret* was well rid of his Company.

On a Time, a wise and grave Gentleman seeing him grounded in his Conceit so strongly, gave his Lady Counsell, not to contrary him therein, but rather say that she would seeke out some cunning Physician to cure him: for, said he, as Sir *William* hath taken this Conceit of himselfe, so is he like never to heare other Opinion, till his owne Conceit doth remove it, the which must be wisely wrought to bring it to passe.

Whereupon the Lady, having conferred with a Physician that beare a great Name in the Countrey, hee undertooke to remove this fond Conceit by his Skill. The Day being appointed when the Phisician should come, and the Knight being told thereof, for very Joy he would goe forth to meete him, when a Woman of the Towne saw the Knight, having heard what Rumor went because of his Nose, shee looked very steadfastly upon him: the Knight casting his Eye upon her, seeing her to gaze so wistly in his Face, with an angry Countenance said thus to her, Why, how now, good Huswife, cannot you get you about your Business? The Woman being a shrewish Queane, answered him cuttedly, No, mary

mary can I not, qd. she. No, you Drab what is the Cause? said the Knight. Because, quoth she, your Nose stands in my Way: wherewith the Knight, being very angry and abashed, went backe againe to his House.

The Physician being come, he had filled a certaine Bladder with Sheepes Blood, and conveyed it into his Sleeve, where at the Issue of the Bladder he had put in a Piece of a Swans Quill, through the which the Blood should runne out of the Bladder so close by his Hand, that hee, holding the Knight by the Nose, it might not be perceived but that it issued thence. All Things being prepared, he told the Knight, that by a foule corrupt Blood wherewith the Veines of his Nose were overcharged, his Impediment did grow, therefore, quoth he, to have Redresse for this Disease, you must have a Veine opened in your Nose, whence this foule Corruption must be taken: whereupon it will follow, that your Nose will fall againe to his naturall Proportion, and never shall you be troubled with this Griefe any more, and thereupon will I gage my Life.

I pray you, Master Doctor, said the Knight, is my Nose so big as you make it? With Reverence I may speake it, said the Physician, to tell the Truth,

Truth, and avoid Flattery, I never saw a more mis-shapen Nose so foule to Sight. Lo you now, Madam, quoth the Knight, this is you that said my Nose was as well, as handsome, and as comely a Nose as any Mans.

Alas, Sir, qd. she, I spake it (God wot) because you should not grieve at it, nor take my Words in ill Part, neither did it indeed become me to mislike of your Nose.

All this we will quickly remedy, said the Physician, have no doubt: and with that he very orderly prickt him in the Nose, and not in a Veine whereby he might bleed: and presently having a Tricke finely to unstop the Quill, the Blood ranne into a Bason in great Aboundance: and when the Bladder was empty, and the Bason almost full, the Physician seemed to close the Veine, and asked him how he felt his Nose, showing the great Quantite of filthy Blood which from thence he had taken.

The Knight beholding it with great Wonder, said, he thought that no Man in the World had beene troubled with such Aboundance of corrupt Blood in his whole Body, as lay in his mis-shapen Nose, and therewithall he began to touch and handle his nose, saying, that he felt it mightily assuaged. Immediately a Glasse was brought, wherein he

he might behold himselfe. Yea, mary, qd. he, now I praise God, I see my Nose is come into some reasonable Proportion, and I feele my selfe very well eased of the Burthen thereof; but if it continued thus, thats all. I will warrant your Worship, said the Physician, for ever being troubled with the like againe. Whereupon the Knight received great Joy, and the Doctor a high Reward.

How Thomas of Reading was murdered at his Oasts House of Colebrooke, who also had murdered many before him, and how their Wickednesse was at length revealed.

CHAPTER XI.

How Thomas *of Reading was murdered at his Oasts House of Colebrooke, who also had murdered many before him, and how their Wickednesse was at length revealed.*

THOMAS of Reading having many Occasions to come to London, as well about his own Affaires, as also the Kings Businesse, being in a great Office under his Majestie, it chanced on a Time that his Oast and Oastesse of Colebrooke, who through Covetousnesse had murdered many of the Guests, and having every Time he came thither great Store of his Money to lay up, appointed him to be the next fat Pig that should be killed: For it is to be understood, that when they plotted the Murder of any Man, this was alwaies their Terme, the Man to his Wife, and the Woman to her Husband: Wife, there is now a fat Pig to be had if you want one. Whereupon she would answer thus, I pray

pray you put him in the Hogstie till To-morrow. This was when any Man came thither alone without Others in his Company, and they saw he had great Store of Money.

This Man should be then laid in the Chamber right over the Kitchen,which was a faire Chamber, & the better set out than any other in the House: the best Bedstead therein, though it were little and low, yet was it most cunningly carved, and faire to the Eye, the Feet whereof were fast naild to the Chamber Floore in such Sort, that it could not in any wise fall; the Bed that lay therein was fast sowed to the Sides of the Bedstead: Moreover, that Part of the Chamber whereupon this Bed and Bedstead stood was made in such Sort, that by the pulling out of Two Yron Pinnes below in the Kitchen, it was to be let downe and taken up by a Drawbridge, or in Manner of a Trap-doore: moreover in the Kitchen, directly under the Place where this should fall, was a mighty great Caldron, wherein they used to seethe their Liquor when they went to Brewing. Now the Men appointed for the slaughter were laid into this Bed, and in the dead Time of the Night, when they were sound asleepe, by plucking out the aforesaid Yron Pinnes, downe will the Man fall out of his Bed into the boyling Caldron, and all the

the Cloaths that were upon him: where being suddenly scalded and drowned, he was never able to cry or speake one Word.

Then had they a little Ladder ever standing ready in the Kitchen, by the which they presently mounted into the said Chamber, and there closely take away the Mans Apparell, as also his Money, in his Male or Cap-case: and then lifting up the said Falling-Floore, which hung by Hinges, they made it fast as before.

The dead Body would they take presently out of the Caldron and throw it downe the River, which ran neere unto their House, whereby they escaped all Danger.

Now if in the Morning any of the Rest of the Guests that had talkt with the murdered Man ore Eve, chanst to aske for him, as having Occasion to ride the same Way that he should have done, the Good-man would answere, that he tooke Horse a good while before Day, and that he himselfe did set him forward: the Horse the Good-man would also take out of the Stable, & convey him by a Hay-barne of his, that stood from his House a Mile or Two, whereof himself did alwaies keepe the Keies full charily, and when any Hay was to be brought from thence, with his owne Hands he would deliver it:

it: then before the Horse should goe from thence, he would dismarke him: as if he ware a long Taile, he would make him curtall: or else crop his Eares, or cut his Mane, or put out One of his Eies; and by this Meanes hee kept himselfe unknowne.

Now, *Thomas* of Reading, as I said before, being markt, & kept for a fat Pig, he was laid in the same Chamber of Death, but by Reason *Gray* of Glocester chanced also to come that Night, he escaped scalding.

The next Time he came, he was laid there againe, but before he fell asleepe, or was warme in his Bed, one came riding thorow the Towne and cryed piteously, that London was all on a Fire, and that it had burned downe *Thomas Beckets* House in West-cheape, and a great Number more in the same Street, and yet (quoth he) the Fire is not quencht.

Which tidings when *Thomas* of Reading heard, he was very sorrowfull, for of the same *Becket* that Day he had received a great Peece of Money, and had left in his House many of his Writings, and some that appertained to the King also: therefore there was no way but he would ride backe againe to London presently, to see how the Matter stood: thereupon making himselfe ready, departed. This crosse

crosse Fortune caused his Oast to frowne, nevertheless the next Time (qd. he) will pay for all.

Notwithstanding God so wrought that they were prevented then likewise, by Reason of a great Fray that hapned in the House betwixt a Couple that fell out at Dice, insomuch as the Murderers themselves were inforced to call him up, being a Man in great Authority, that he might set the House in Quietnesse, out of the which, by Meanes of this Quarrell, they doubted to lose many Things.

Another Time, when hee should have beene laid in the same Place, he fell so sicke, that he requested to have some body to watch with him, whereby also they could not bring their vile Purpose to passe. But hard it is to escape the ill Fortunes whereunto a Man is allotted: for albeit that the next Time that he came to London, his Horse stumbled & broke One of his Legs as he should ride homeward, yet hired he another to hasten his owne Death; for there is no Remedy but he should goe to Colebrooke that Night: but by the Way he was heavy asleepe, that he could scant keepe himselfe in the Saddle; and when he came neere unto the Towne, his Nose burst out suddenly a Bleeding.

Well,

Well, to his Inne he came, and so heavy was his Heart that he could eate no Meat: his Oast and Oastesse hearing he was so melancholy, came up to cheare him, saying, Jesus, Master *Cole*, what ayles you to-night? never did we see you thus sad before: will it please you to have a Quart of burnt Sacke? With a good Will (quoth he) and would to God *Tom Dove* were here, he would surely make me merry, and we should lacke no Musicke: but I am sorry for the Man with all my Heart, that he is come so farre behind Hand: but, alas, so much can every Man say, but what Good doth it him? No, no, it is not Words can helpe a Man in this Case, the Man had need of other Reliefe then so. Let me see: I have but one Child in the World, and that is my Daughter, and Half that I have is hers, the other Halfe my Wifes. What then? Shall I be good to no body but them? In Conscience, my Wealth is too much for a Couple to possesse, and what is our Religion without Charity? And to whom is Charity more to be shewne, then to decaid House-holders?

Good my Oast, lend me a Pen and Inke, and some Paper, for I will write a Letter unto the poore Man straight; & Something I will give him: That Almes which a Man bestowes with his owne Hands, he

he shall be sure to have delivered, and God knowes how long I shall live.

With that, his Oastesse dissemblingly answered, saying, Doubt not, Master *Cole*, you are like enough by the Course of Nature to live many Yeeres. God Knowes (quoth he) I never found my Heart so heavy before. By this Time Pen, Inke, and Paper was brought, setting himselfe in writing as followeth.

IN the Name of God, Amen. I bequeath my Soule to God, and my Body to the Ground, my Goods equally betweene my Wife *Elenor*, and *Isabel* my Daughter. Item, I give to *Thomas Dove* of Exeter, one Hundred Pounds; nay, that is too little, I give to *Thomas Dove* Two Hundred Pounds in Money, to be paid unto him presently upon his Demand thereof, by my said Wife and Daughter.

Ha, how say you, Oast, (qd. he) is not this well? I pray you reade it. His Oast looking thereon, said, Why, Master *Cole*, what have you written here? you said you would write a Letter, but me thinks you have made a Will; what neede have you to doe thus? Thanks be to God, you may live many

many faire Yeeres. Tis true (quoth *Cole*) if it please God, and I trust this Writing cannot shorten my Daies; but let me see, have I made a Will? Now, I promise you, I did verily purpose to write a Letter: notwithstanding, I have written that that God put into my Mind: but looke once againe, my Oast, is it not written there, that *Dove* shall have Two Hundred Pounds, to be paid when he comes to demand it? Yes, indeed, said his Oast. Well then, all is well, said *Cole*, and it shall goe as it is for me. I will not bestow the new Writing thereof any more.

Then folding it up, he sealed it, desiring that his Oast would send it to Exeter: he promised that he would, notwithstanding *Cole* was not satisfied: but after some Pause, he would needs hire one to carry it. And so sitting downe sadly in his Chaire againe, upon a sudden he burst forth a weeping; they demanding the Cause thereof, he spake as followeth:

No Cause of these Feares I know: but it comes now into my Minde (said *Cole*) when I set toward this my last Journey to London, how my Daughter tooke on, what a Coyle she kept to have me stay: and I could not be rid of the little Baggage a long Time, she did so hang about me; when her

her Mother by Violence tooke her away, she cryed out most mainly, O my Father, my Father, I shall never see him againe.

Alas, pretty Soule, said his Oastesse, this was but meere Kindnesse in the Girle, and it seemeth she is very fond of you. But, alas, why should you grieve at this? you must consider that it was but Childishnesse. I, it is indeed, said Cole, and with that he began to nod. Then they asked him if he would goe to Bed. No, said he, although I am heavy, I have no Mind to goe to Bed at all. With that certaine Musicians of the Towne came to the Chamber, and knowing Master *Cole* was there, drue out their Instruments and began to play.

This Musicke comes very well (said *Cole*) and when he had listened a while thereunto, he said, Me thinks these Instruments sound like the Ring of St. *Mary Overies* Bells; but the Base drowns all the Rest: & in my Eare it goes like a Bell that rings a frozen Ones Knell, for Gods Sake let them leave off, and beare them this simple Reward. The Musicians being gone, his Oast asked, if now it would please him to goe to Bed; for (quoth he) it is wel neere Eleven of the Clocke.

With that *Cole*, beholding his Oast & Oastesse earnestly, began to start backe, saying, What aile you

you to looke so like pale Death? good Lord! what have you done, that your Hands are thus bloody? What, my Hands? said his Oast; why you may see they are neither bloody nor foule: either your Eyes doe greatly dazell, or else Fancies of a troubled Minde doe delude you.

Alas, my Oast, you may see, said hee, how weake my Wits are; I never had my Head so idle before. Come, let me drinke once more, and then I will to Bed, and trouble you no longer. With that hee made himselfe unready, and his Oastesse was very diligent to warme a Kerchiffe, and put it about his Head. Good Lord! said he, I am not sicke, I praise God; but such an Alteration I finde in my selfe as I never did before.

With that the Scritch-Owle cried pitiously, and anon after the Night-Raven sate croking hard by his Window. Jesu, have Mercy upon me, quoth hee, what an ill-favoured Cry doe yonder Carrion-Birds make, and therewithall he laid him downe in his Bed, from whence he never rose againe.

His Oast and Oastesse, that all this while noted his troubled Mind, began to commune betwixt themselves thereof. And the Man said, he knew not what were best to be done. By my Con-

-sent

sent (quoth he) the Matter should passe, for I thinke it is not best to meddle on him. What, Man, quoth she, faint you now? have you done so many, and do you shrinke at this? Then shewing him a great deale of Gold which *Cole* had left with her, she said, Would it not grieve a Bodies Heart to lose this? hang the old Churle, what should he doe living any longer? he hath too much, and we have too little: tut, Husband, let the Thing be done, and then this is our owne.

Her wicked Counsell was followed, and when they had listened at his Chamber-Doore, they heard the Man sound asleepe: All is safe, quoth they, and downe into the kitchen they goe, their servants being all in Bed, and pulling out the Yron Pins, downe fell the Bed, and the Man dropt out into the boyling Caldron. He being dead, they betwixt them cast his Body into the River, his Clothes they made away, & made all Things as it should be: but when hee came to the Stable to convey thence *Coles* Horse, the Stable-Doore being open, the Horse had got loose, and with a Part of the Halter about his Necke, and Straw trussed under his Belly, as the Ostlers had dressed him ore Eve, he was gone out at the Back-side, which led into a great Field joyning to the House, and so leaping divers

divers Hedges, being a lustie stout Horse, had got into a Ground where a Mare was grazing, with whom he kept such a Coile, that they got into the High-way, where One of the Towne meeting them, knew the Mare, and brought her and the Horse to the Man that owed her.

In the meane Space the Musicians had beene at the Inne, and in Requittal of their Evenings Gift, they intended to give *Cole* some Musicke in the Morning. The Good-man told them he tooke Horse before Day: likewise there was a Guest in the House that would have bore him Company to Reading, unto whom the Oast also answered, that he himself set him upon Horsebacke, and that he went long agoe. Anon came the Man that owed the Mare, inquiring up and downe, to know and if none of them missed a Horse, who said no. At last he came to the Signe of the Crane where *Cole* lay: and calling the Oastlers, he demanded of them if they lacked none, they said no: Why then, said the Man, I perceive my Mare is good for Something, for if I send her to Field single, she will come Home double. Thus it passed on all that Day and the Night following: but the next Day after, *Coles* Wife, musing that her Husband came not Home, sent one of her Men on Horse backe, to see if he

he could meete him: and if (quoth she) you meet him not betwixt this and Colebrooke, aske for him at the Crane; but if you find him not there, then ride to London, for I doubt he is either sicke, or else some Mischance hath fallen unto him.

The Fellow did so, and asking for him at Cole-brooke, they answered, hee went Homeward from thence such a Day. The Servant musing what should be become of his Master, and making much Inquiry in the Towne for him, at length One told him of a Horse that was found on the High-way, and no Man knew whence he came. He going to see the Horse, knew him presently, and to the Crane he goes with him. The Oast of the House preceiving this, was blanke, and that Night fled secretly away. The Fellow going unto the Justice, desired his Helpe: presently after Word was brought that *Jarman* of the Crane was gone; then all the men said, he had sure made *Cole* away; & the Musicians told what *Jarman* said to them, when they would have given *Cole* Musicke. Then the Woman being apprehended & examined, confessed the Truth. *Jarman* soone after was taken in Windsor Forest, he and his Wife were both hangd, after they had laid open al these Things before expressed. Also he confessed, that he being a Car-

-penter,

penter, made that false Falling-Floore, and how his Wife devised it. And how they had murdered by that Meanes lx. persons. And yet, notwithstanding all the Money which they had gotten thereby, they prospered not, but at their Death were found very farre in Debt.

When the King heard of this Murder, he was for the Space of vii. Dayes so sorrowfull and heavie, as he would not heare any Suite, giving also Commandment, that the House should quite be consumed by Fire wherein *Cole* was murdered, and that no Man should ever build upon that cursed Ground.

Coles Substance at his Death was exceeding great; hee had daily in his House an Hundred Men Servants and xl. Maides; hee maintained beside above Two or Three Hundred People, Spinners and Carders, and a great many other Householders. His Wife never after married, and at her Death shee bestowed a mightie Summe of Money toward the maintaining of the new-builded Monastery. Her Daughter was most richly married to a Gentleman of great Worship, by whom she had many Children. And some say, that the River whereinto *Cole* was cast, did ever since carrie the name of *Cole*, being called, The River of *Cole*, and the Towne of Colebrooke.

How divers of the Clothiers Wives went to the Churching of Suttons Wife of Salisbury & of their Merriment.

CHAPTER XII.

How divers of the Clothiers Wives went to the Churching of Suttons *Wife of Salisbury, & of their Merriment.*

SUTTONS Wife of Salisbury, which had lately bin delivered of a Sonne, against her going to Church, prepared great Cheare: at what time *Simons* Wife of Southampton came thither, and so did divers others of the Clothiers Wives, onely to make merry at this Churching Feast: and whilest these Dames sate at the Table, *Crab*, *Weasell*, and *Wren*, waited on the Boord; and as the old Proverbe speaketh, Many Women many Words, so fell it out at that Time: for there was such Prattling that it passed: some talkt of their Husbands Forwardnes, some shewd their Maids Sluttishnes, other some deciphered the Costlines of their Garments, some told many Tales of their Neighbours: and to be briefe, there was none of them but would have talke for a whole day.

But

But when *Crab*, *Weasell*, and *Wren* saw this, they concluded betwixt themselves, that as oft as any of the Women had a good Bit of Meate on their Trenchers, they offering a clean one, should catch that Commodity, and so they did: but the Women, being busie in Talke, marked it not, till at the last one found Leisure to misse her Meat: whereupon she said, that their Boldness exceeded their Diligence. Not so, forsooth, said *Weasell*, there is an Hundred bolder than we. Name me One, said the Woman, if you can. A Flea is bolder, quoth *Crabbe*. How will you prove that? said the Woman. Because, quoth he, they will creepe under your Coates, where we dare not come, and now and then bite you by the Buttocks as if they were Brawne. But what becomes of them? qd. the Woman; their sweet Meat hath sowre Sauce, and their Lustines doth often cost them their Lives, therefore take Heed. A good Warning of a Faire Woman, said *Wren*, but I had not thought so fine a Wit in a fat Belly.

The Women seeing their Men so merry, said it was a Signe there was good Ale in the House. Thats as fit for a Churching, quoth *Weasell*, as a Cudgell for a curst Queane. Thus with pleasant Communication and merry Quips they drove out the

the Time, till the Fruit and Spice-Cakes were set on the Boord. At what Time one of them began to aske the other, if they heard not of the cruell Murder of *Thomas* of Reading? What, said the rest, is old *Cole* murdred? when, I pray you was the Deed done? The other answered, On Friday last. O good Lord! said the Woman, how was it done, can you tell?

As Report goes, said the other, he was roasted alive. O pitifull! was hee roasted? Indeed I heard one say, a Man was murdred at London, and that he was sodden at an Inholders House, and served to the Guests in stead of Porke.

No, Neighbor, it was not at London, said another: I heare say twas comming from London, at a place called Colebrooke; and it is reported for Truth, that the Inholder made Pies of him and Penny Pasties, yea, and made his owne Servant eate a Piece of him. But I pray you, good Neighbor, can you tell how it was knowne: some say that a Horse revealed it.

Now, by the Masse (quoth *Grayes* Wife) it was told one of my Neighbors, that a certaine Horse did speake, and told great Things. That sounds like a Lie, said one of them. Why, said another, may not a Horse speake, as well as *Balaams*

Balaams asse? It may be, but it is unlikely, said the Third. But where was the Horse when he spake? As some say, qd. she, he was in the Field, and had broke out of the Stable, where he stood fast locked in mighty strong Yron Fetters, which hee burst in Peeces, as they had beene Strawes, and broke downe the Stable-Doore, and so got away. The Good-man comming in at these Speeches, asked what that was they talkt of. Marry, said his Wife, wee heare that *Cole* of Reading is murdred. I pray you is it true? I, said *Sutton*, it is true; that vile villaine his Oast murdered him, in whose House the Man had spent many a Pound. But did they make Pies of him? said his Wife. No, no, quoth her Husband; he was scalded to death in a boiling Caldron, and afterward throwne into a running River that is hard by. But, good Husband, how was it knowne? By his Horse, quoth hee. What, did hee tell his Master was murdered? could the Horse speake English? Jesus, what a foolish Woman are you, quoth he, to aske such a Question? But to end this, you are all heartily welcome, good Neighbors, and I am sorry you had no better Cheere. So with Thanks the Women departed. Thus have yee heard the divers Tales that will be spred Abroad of an evil Deed.

How Duke Robert deceived his Keepers, & got from them: how he met faire Margaret, and in carrying her away was taken, for the which he had his Eyes put out.

CHAPTER XIII.

How Duke Robert *deceived his Keepers, & got from them: how he met faire* Margaret, *and in carrying her away was taken, for the which he had his Eyes put out.*

DUKE *Robert* having, as you heard, obtained the Love of faire *Margaret*, did now cast in his Mind, how hee might delude his Keepers, and carry her quite away. In the End, hebeing absolutely resolved what to doe, sent this Letter unto her, wherein he requested, that she would be readie to meet him in the Forrest, betwixt Cardiffe and Glocester.

The young Lady, having secretly received his Message, unknown to her Master or Dame, in a Morning betime made her ready and got forth, walking to the appointed Place, where her Love should meet her.

During her Abode there, and thinking long ere her Love came, she entred into divers Passions, which indeed presaged some disaster Fortune to follow.

follow. O my deare Love, said shee, how slacke art thou in performing thy Promise! Why doe not thy Deeds agree with thy Inditing? See, these are thy Words, Come, my deare *Margaret*, and with *Cupids* swift Wings flie to thy Friend; be now as nimble in thy Footing as the Camels of Bactria, that runne an Hundred Miles a Day: I will waite and stay for thee, so I stay not too long. There is no Country like Austria for ambling Horses, & to carry thee I have got one.

O my Love (quoth she) here am I, but where art thou? O why doest thou play the Trewant with Time, who like the Wind slides away unseen? An ambling Gennet of Spaine is too slow to serve our Turnes. A flying Horse for flying Lovers were most meete. And thus casting many Lookes thorow the Silvane Shades, up and downe to espie him, she thought every Minute an Houre, till she might see him: sometimes she would wish her self a Bird, that she might flie through the Ayre to meet him; or a pretty Squirill, to clime the highest Tree to descry his Comming: but finding her Wishes vaine, she began thus to excuse him, and perswaded her selfe, saying,

How much to blame am I, to finde fault with my Friend? Alas, Men that lacke their Liberty, must

must come when they can, not when they would; poore Prisoners cannot doe what they desire; and then why should I be so hastie? Therefore, if safely I may lay me downe, I will beguile unquiet Thoughts with quiet Sleep: it is said that *Galino* breeds no Serpents, nor doth Englands Forrests nourish Beares or Lyons, therefore, without Hurt I hope I may rest awile. Thus leaving faire *Margaret* in a sweet Slumber, we will returne to Duke *Robert*, who had thus plotted his Escape from his Keepers.

Having Liberty of the King to hawke and hunt, hee determined on a Day, as he should follow the Chase, to leave the Hounds to the Hart, and the Hunters to their Hornes, and being busie in their Sport, himselfe would flie, which hee performed at that Time when hee appointed *Margaret* to meete him, and so comming to the Place, his Horse all on a Water, and himself in a Sweat, finding his Love asleepe, he awaked her with a Kisse, saying, Arise, faire *Margaret*, now comes the Time wherein thou shalt be made a Queene: and presently setting her on Horse-backe, he posted away.

Now when the Keepers saw they had lost his Company, and that at the killing of the Game, hee was not present, they were among Themselves in such

such a Mutiny, that they were ready one to stabbe another. It was thy Fault, said one, that hee thus escapt from us, that hadst more Mind of thy Pleasure then of thy Prisoner, and by this Meanes we are all undone. The other said as much to him, that he had thought he had followed him in the Chase: but leaving at last this Contention, the one posted up to the King, while the others coasted up and downe the Country to search for the Duke, who having kild his Horse in travelling, was most unhappily mette on Foot with faire *Margaret*, ere he could come to any Towne, where he might for Money have another. But when he espyed his Keepers come to take him, he desired *Margaret* to make Shift for her selfe, and to seeke to escape them. But she being of a contrary Mind, said, she would live and die with him.

The Duke, seeing himselfe ready to be surprized, drew his Sword, and said, he would buy his Liberty with his Life, before he would yeeld to be any more a Prisoner; and thereupon began a great Fight betwixt them, insomuch that the Duke had killed Two of them: but himselfe being sore wounded, and faint with overmuch bleeding, at length fell downe, being not able any longer to stand: and by this Meanes the good Duke was taken

taken with his faire Love, and both of them commited to Prison.

But in the meane Space, when *Grayes* Wife had missed her Maide, and saw she was quite gone, she made great Lamentation for her among her Neighbours, for she loved her as dearly as any Child that ever she bore of her owne Body. O *Margaret* (quoth she) what Cause hadst thou to leave me? if thou didst mislike any Thing, why didst thou not tell me? If thy Wages were too little, I would have mended it: If thy Apparell had been too simple, thou shouldst have had better: If thy Worke had bin too great, I would have had Helpe for thee.

Farewell, my sweet *Meg*, the best Servant that ever came in any Mans House; many may I have of thy Name, but never any of thy Nature: thy Diligence is much; in thy Hands I laid the whole Government of my House, and thereby eased myselfe of that Care which now will cumber me.

Heere shee hath left me my Keyes unto my Chests, but my Comfort is gone with her Presence: every gentle Word that she was wont to speake, comes now into my Mind; her courteous Behaviour shall I never forget: with how sweet and modest a Countenance would she qualifie my over-hastie Nature!

Nature! It repents my Heart that ever I spoke foule Word unto her. O *Meg*, wert thou here againe, I would never chide thee more: but I was an unworthy Dame for such a Servant. What will become of me now, if I should chance to be sicke, seeing she is gone, that was wont to be both my Apoticary and Physician?

Well, quoth her Neighbours, there is no Remedy now but to rest content; you shall one Day heare of her, doubt you not; and thinke this, that she was not so good but you may get another as good, and therefore doe not take it so heavily. O Neighbour, blame me not to grieve, seeing I have lost so great a Jewell, and sure I am perswaded, that scant in a Bodies Life-Time, they shall meet with the like.

I protest I would circuit England round about on my bare Feet to meet with her againe. O, my *Meg* was surely stole away from me, else would she not have gone in such Sort. Her Husband, on the other Side grieved as much, & rested not Night nor Day, riding up and downe to seeke her: but shee, poore Soule! is fast lockt up in Prison, and therefore cannot be met withall.

But when the King understood of his Brothers Escape, hee was marvelous wroth, giving great Charge

Charge and Commandment when he was taken, that both his Eyes should be put out, and be kept in Prison till his dying Day: appointing also that the Maid should lose her Life for Presumption of loving him.

This Matter being rumoured over all England, it came to the Eares of *Gray* and his Wife, who hearing that *Margaret* was also there in Prison appointed to die, the good aged Woman never rested till she came to the Court, where kneeling before the King, with many Teares she besought his Majestie to spare the Maidens Life, saying, Most royall King, consider, I humbly beseech you, that the Duke your Brother was able to intice any Woman to his Love, much more a silly Maiden, especially promising her Marriage, to make her a Lady, a Dutchesse, or a Queene, who would refuse such an Offer, when at the Instant they might get both a princely Husband and a high Dignity? If Death be a Lovers Guerdon, then what is due to Hatred? I am in my Heart perswaded, that had my poore *Margaret* thought it would have bred your Highness Displeasure, she would never have bought his Love so deare. Had your Grace made it known to your Commons, that it was unlawful for any to marry the Duke your Brother, who would

would have attempted such an Action? If she had wilfully disobeyed your Graces Commandement, she might have been thought worthy of Death; but seeing ignorantly she offended, I beseech your Grace to recall the Sentence, and let me still enjoy my Servant, for never will I rise till your Majestie have granted my Petition.

His Highness, who was of Nature mercifull, beholding the Womans aboundant Teares, tooke Pitie on her, and granted her Suite: which being obtained, shee went Home in all Haste possible. And from thence shee, with her Husband, taking their Journey to Cardiffe Castle, they came at that very Instant when the Maiden was led toward her Death, who went in most joyfull Sort to the same, saying, that they were not worthy to be accounted true Lovers, that thay were not willing to die for Love: and so with a smiling Countenance she passed on, as if she had eaten *Apium Risus*, which causeth a Man to die laughing: but her Dame *Gray* seeing her, fell about her Necke, and with many Kisses imbraced her, saying, Thou shalt not die, my Wench, but go Home with me; and for thy Delivery behold here the Kings Letters: and with that she delivered them up to the Governour of the Castle, who reading them found these Words written, Wee pardon the

the Maids Life, and grant her Liberty; but let her not passe till she see her Lovers Eyes put out, which we will have you doe in such Sort that not onely the Sight may perish, but the Eye continue faire, for which Cause I have sent down Doctor *Piero*, that he may execute the same.

The Governour of the Castle having read the Kings Letter, said thus to the Maiden, The Kings Majestie hath pardoned thy Life, and allowed thy Liberty: but you must not passe before you see your Lovers Eyes put out. O Sir, said the Maiden, mistake not your-selfe, they are my Eyes that must be put out, and not the Dukes: as his Offence grew by my Meanes, so I being guilty, ought to receive the Punishment.

The Kings Commandement must be fulfilled, said the Governour: and therewithall Duke *Robert* was brought forth, who hearing that he must lose his Eyes, said thus: The noble Mind is never conquered by Griefe, nor overcome by Mischance: but as the Hart reneweth his Age by eating the Serpent, so doth a Man lengthen his Life with devouring Sorrow: my Eyes have offended the King, and they must be punished: my Heart is in as great Fault, why is not that killed?

The

The Kings Majesty, said the Governour, spares your Life of meere Love, and onely is content to satisfie the Law with the Losse of your Eyes; wherefore take in good Part this Punishment, and thinke you have deserved greater then is granted.

With this *Margaret* cryed out, saying, O my deare Love, most gentle Prince, well may you wish that I had never bin borne, who by seeing of me must lose your Sight: but happie should I count my selfe, if it so please the King, that I might redeeme thy Eyes with my Life: or else, that being an equall Offendor, I might receive equall Punishment: hadst thou sustained this Smart for some Queene or Princesse of high Blood, it might with more Ease be borne, but to indure it for such a one as I, it must needs cause a treble Griefe to be increased.

Content thee, faire *Margaret*, said the Duke; for Honour ought to be given to Vertue, & not Riches: for Glory, Honor, Nobility, and Riches, without Vertue, are but Clokes of Maliciousness. And now let me take my Leave of thy Beauty, for never must I behold thy Face: notwithstanding I account my Eyes well lost, in that I doe forgoe them for so peereless a Paragon. Now, faire Heav-

-ens,

ens, farewell! the Sunne, Moone, and Starres shall I in this World never behold againe; and farewell also the fruitfull Earth: well may I feele thee, but those poore Windowes of my Body are now denyed to view thee any more: and though the World hath ever bin my Foe, yet will I bid thee farewell too, & farewell all my Friends: whiles I live here in this World, I must suppose to sleepe, & wake when I come in Heaven, where I hope to see you all againe. Yet had it pleased the King, I had rather have lost my Life then my Eyes. Life, why, what is it but a Flowre, a Bubble in the Water, a Spanne long, and full of Miserie? of such small Account is Life, that every Souldier will sell it for Sixpence. And trust me, I doe now detest Life worse then a Goat doth hate Basill.

With that the Doctor prepared his Instrument, and being ready to set to the Dukes Eyes, he said, O stay, Master Doctor, till I have conveyed my Loves Countenance downe into my Heart: Come hither, my Sweet, and let me give thee my last Kisse, while mine eyes may direct me to thy Cherry Lips. Then imbracing her in his Armes, he said, O that I might give thee a Kisse of xx. Yeeres long, and to satisfie my Eyes with thy Sight: yet it doth somewhat content me, because thou art present at

at my Punishment, that I may hold thee by the Hand, to comfort my Heart, at the sudden Pricke of my Eye.

This being said, the Doctor performed his Duty, and so put out the christall Sight: at what Time D. *Robert* started up, and with a most manly Courage said, I must thanke his Majestie, that though hee depriveth me of my Sight, yet he leaveth me Eyes to weepe for my Sinnes. But so soone as *Margaret* beheld the Deed, she fell downe in a Swoune; and much a doe her Dame had to recover her Life: which when the Duke understood, hee was wondrous woe, groaping for her with his bleeding Eyes, saying, O where is my Love? for Gods Sake have Regard to her. And I pray you most heartily, good Wife *Gray*, let her have this Favour for my Sake, that she may be used kindly. And with that the Keepers led him into the Castle, and *Margaret* was carried away wondrous sick and ill: but her Dame was most tender over her; and would suffer her to lacke nothing. When she was somewhat well recovered, her Dame *Gray* set her on Horsebacke: and at her comming to Glocester, there was no small Joy.

How Thomas Dove being fallen to Decay, was forsaken of his Friends, & despised of his Servants: and how in the End he was raised againe through the liberality of the Clothiers.

CHAPTER XIV.

How Thomas Dove *being fallen to Decay, was forsaken of his Friends, & despised of his Servants: and how in the End he was raised againe through the Liberality of the Clothiers.*

SUCH as seeke the Pleasure of the World, follow a Shadow wherein is no Substance: and as the Adder *Aspis* tickleth a Man to Death, so doth vaine Pleasure flatter us, till it makes us forget God, and consume our Substance, as by *Tom Dove* it is apparent, who had, through a free Heart and a liberall Minde, wasted his Wealth; and looke how his Goods consumed, so his Friends fled from him: And albeit he had beene of great Ability, and thereby done good unto Many, yet no Man regarded him in his Poverty, but casting a scornefull Countenance upon him, they passed him by with slender Salutation: neither would any of his former Acquaintance do him Good or pleasure him the Value of a Farthing; his former Friendship done to them

them was quite forgot, and he made of as much Account as *Job* when he sate on the Dunghill.

Now when his wicked Servants saw him in this Disgrace with the World, they on the other side began to disdaine him. Notwithstanding that hee (to his great Cost) had long Time brought them up, yet did they Nothing regard it, but behind his Backe in most scornefull Sort derided him, and both in their Words and Actions greatly abuse him; Reverence they would doe none unto him, but when they spake, it was in such malapert Sort, as would grieve an honest Minde to heare it.

At last it came to passe, that breaking out into meere Contempt, they said they would stay no longer with him, and that it was a great Discredit for them to serve a Person so beggerly: whereupon they thought it convenient to seeke for their Benefits elsewhere. When the distressed Man found the Matter so plaine, being in great Griefe, he spake thus unto them: Now do I find, to my Sorrow, the small Trust that is in this false World. Why, my Masters,(quoth he) have you so much forgotten my former Prosperity, that you Nothing regard my present Necessity? In your Wants I forsooke you not, in your Sicknesse I left you not, nor despised you in your great Poverty: it is not unknown, though

though you do not consider it, that I tooke Some of you up in the High-way, othersome from your needy Parents, & brought the Rest from meere Beggery to a House of Bounty; where from paltrie Boyes, I brought you up to Mans State, and have, to my great Cost, taught you a Trade, whereby you may live like Men. And in Requitall of all my Courtesie, Cost, and Goodwill, will you now on a sudden forsake me? Is this the best Recompence that you can find your Hearts to yeeld me?

This is farre from the Minds of honest Servants. The fierce Lion is kind to those that doe him Good: plucke but one Thorne out of his Foot, and for the same he will shew manifold Favors. The wild Bull will not overthrow his Dam: and the very Dragons are dutifull to their Nourishers. Be better advised, and call to Mind, I beseech you, that I have not pluckt a Thorne out of your Feet, but drawne your whole Bodies out of Perils, and when you had no Meanes to helpe your selves, I onely was your Support, and he that, when all others forsooke you, did comfort you in your Extremities.

And what of all this? quoth one of them; because you tooke us up poore, doth it therefore follow that we must be your Slaves? We are young Men,

Men, and for our Part, we are no further to regard your Profit then it may stand with our Preferment. Why should we lose our Benefit to pleasure you? if you taught us our Trade, and brought us up from Boies to Men, you had our Service for it, whereby you made no small Benefit, if you had as well used it as we got it. But if you be poore, you may thanke your selfe, being a just Scourge for your Prodigalitie, and is my Opinion plaine, that to stay with you is the next Way to make us like you, neither able to help ourselves, nor our Friends: therefore in briefe, come pay me my Wages, for I will not stay: let the Rest doe as they will, for I am resolved.

Well, said his Master, if needs thou wilt be gone, here is Part of thy Wages in Hand, & the Rest as soone as God sends it thou shalt have it: & with that, turning to the Rest, he said, Let me yet intreat you to stay, and leave me not altogether destitute of Helpe: by your Labours must I live, and without you I know not what to doe. Consider, therefore, my Need, and regard my great Charge. And if for my Sake you will doe Nothing, take Compassion of my poore Children; stay my sliding Foot, and let me not utterly fall through your flying from me.

Tush,

Tush, (quoth they) what do you talke to us? We can have better Wages, and serve a Man of Credit, where our Farre shall be farre better, & our Gaines greater: therefore the World might count us right Coxcomes, if we should forsake our Profit, to pleasure you: therefore adieu; God send you more Money, for you are like to have no more Men: and thus they departed.

When they were gone, within a while after they met one with another, saying, What Cheare? are you all come away? in faith I, what should we doe else? quoth they. But hear'st thou, Sirra, hast thou got thy Wages? Not yet, saith the Other, but I shall have it, and that is as good; tis but x. Shillings. Saist thou so? (said he) now I see thou art one of God Almighties Idiots. Why so? said the Other. Because (quoth he) thou wilt be fed with Shales: But Ile tell thee one Thing; twere better for thee quickly to arrest him, lest some other doing it before, and there be Nothing left to pay thy Debt: hold thy Peace, faire Words make Fooles faine, and it is an old Saying, One Bird in Hand is worth Two in Bush: if thou dost not arrest him presently, I will not give thee Two-pence for thy x. Shillings. How shall I come by him? quoth the Other: give me but two Pots of Ale, and Ile betray

betray him, said he. So they being agreed, this smooth-faced *Judas* comes to his late Master, and told him that a Friend of his at the Doore would speake with him. The unmistrusting Man, thinking no Evill, went to the Doore, where presently an Officer arrested him at his Man's Suite.

The poore Man seeing this, being strucken into a sudden Sorrow, in the Griefe of his Heart, spake to this Effect: Ah thou lewd Fellow, Art thou the first Man that seekes to augment my Miserie? Have I thus long given thee Bread, to breed my Overthrow? and nourisht thee in thy Neede, to work my Destruction? Full little did I thinke, when thou so often diddest dip thy false Fingers in my Dish, that I gave Food to my chiefest Foe: but what boote Complaints in these Extremes? Goe, Wife, (quoth he,) unto my Neighbors, and see if thou canst get any of them to be my Baile. But in vaine was her Paines spent. Then he sent to his Kinsfolkes, and they denied him: to his Brother, and he would not come at him, so that there was no Shift, but to Prison he must: but, as he was going, a Messenger met him with a Letter from Master *Cole*, wherein, as you heard, hee had promised him Two Hundred Pounds: which when the poore Man read, hee greatly rejoyced, and shewing the same to the

the Officer, he was content to take his owne Worde. Whereupon *Tom Dove* went presently to Reading, where, upon his Coming, he found all the Rest of the Clothiers lamenting *Coles* untimely Death, where the woefull Widdow paid him the Money, by which Deed all the Rest of the Clothiers were induced to do Something for *Dove*. And thereupon one gave him Ten Pounds, another Twenty, another Thirtie pounds, to begin the World anew; and by this Meanes (together with the Blessing of God) he grew into greater Credit then ever hee was before. And Riches being thus come upon him, his former Friends came fawning unto him; and when he had no Neede of them, then everie one was ready to proffer him Kindnesse. His wicked Servants also that disdained him in his Distresse, were after glad to come creeping unto him, intreating with Cap and Knee for his Favour and Friendship. And albeit hee seemed to forgive their Trespasses done against him, yet hee would often say, he would never trust them for a Straw. And thus he ever after lived in great Wealth and Prosperitie, doing much Good to the Poore, and at his Death left to his Children great Lands.

How faire Margaret made her Estate and high Birth knowne to her Master and Dame; & for the intire Love she bore to Duke Robert, made a Vow never to marry, but became a Nun in the Abbey at Glocester.

CHAPTER XV.

How faire Margaret *made her Estate and high Birth knowne to her Master and Dame; & for the intire Love she bore to* Duke Robert, *made a Vow never to marry, but became a Nun in the Abbey at Glocester.*

AFTER faire *Margaret* was come againe to Glocester, never did she behold the cleare Day, but with a weeping Eye: and so great was the Sorrow which she conceived for the Losse of Duke *Robert*, her faithfull Lover, that she utterly despised all the Pleasure of this Life, and at last bewrayed her selfe in this Sort unto her Dame.

O, my good Master and Dame, too long have I dissembled my Parentage from you, whom the froward Destinies doe pursue to deserved Punishment. The wofull Daughter am I of the unhappy Earl of *Shrewsburie*, who, ever since his Banishment, have done Nothing but drawne Mischance after mee: wherefore let me intreat you (dear Master and Dame)

Dame) to have your Good-wills to spend the Remnant of my Life in some blessed Monasterie.

When *Gray* and his Wife heard this, they wondred greatly, as well at her Birth, as at her strange Demand. Whereupon her Dame knew not how to call her, whether Maiden or Madam, but said, O good Lord, are you a Ladie, and I know it not? I am sorrie that I knew it not before. But when the Folkes of the House heard that *Margaret* was a Lady, there was no small Alteration; and moreover, her Dame said, that she had thought to have had a Match between her and her Son; and by many Perswasions, did seeke to withdraw her from being a Nun, saying, in this Manner: What, *Margaret*, thou art young and faire, the World (no Doubt) hath better Fortune for thee, whereby thou maist leave an honourable Issue behind thee, in whom thou mayst live after Death.

These, and many other Reasons, did they alledge unto her, but all in vaine, she making this Reply, Who knowes not that this World giveth the Pleasure of an Houre, but the Sorrow of many Daies? for it paieth ever that which it promiseth, which is Nothing else but continuall Trouble and Vexation of the Minde. Do you think, if I had the Offer and Choice of the mightiest Princes of Christendom,

Christendom, that I could match my selfe better then to my Lord Jesus? No,no, hee is my Husband, to whom I yeeled my selfe, both Body and Soule, giving to him my Heart, my Love, and my most firme Affections: I have overlong loved this vile World, therefore I beseech you farther disswade me not.

When her friends by no Meanes could alter her Opinion, the Matter was made knowne to his Majestie, who, against the Time that she should be received into the Monasterie, came to Glocester with most Part of his Nobilitie, to honour her Action with his princely Presence.

All Things being therefore prepared, the young Lady was in most princely-wise attired in a Gowne of pure white Sattin, her Kirtle of the same, embroidered with Gold about the Skirts,in most curious Sort; her Head was garnished with Gold, Pearles, and precious Stones, having her Haire like Thrids of burnisht Gold, hanging downe behind in Manner of a princely Bride; about her Yvory Necke, Jewels of inestimable Price were hung, and her Handwrests were compassed about with Bracelets of bright-shining Diamonds.

The Streets thorow the which she should passe were pleasantly deckt with greene Oaken Boughs; then

then came the young Lady most like an heavenly Angell, out of her Masters House, at what Time all the Bells in Glocester were solemnly rung; she being led betwixt the Kings Majestie, having on his Royal Robes and Imperiall Crowne, and the chiefe Bishop wearing his Mitre, in a Cope of Cloth of Gold, over her Head a Canopy of white Silke, fringed about in princely Manner; before her went an Hundred Priests singing, and after her all the chiefe Ladies of the Land; then all the Wives and Maidens of Glocester followed, with an innumerable Sort of People on every Side standing to behold her. In this Sort she passed on to the Cathedrall Church, were she was brought to the Nunry Gate.

The Lady Abbesse received her, where the beautifull Maiden, kneeling downe, made her Prayer in Sight of all the People; then, with her owne Hands she undid her Virgins faire Gowne, and tooke it off, and gave it away to the Poore; after that, her Kirtle, then her Jewels, Bracelets, and Rings, saying, Farewell the Pride and Vanitie of this World. The Ornaments of her Head were the next shee gave away, and then was she led on one Side, where she was stripped, and, in Stead of her Smoke of soft Silke, had a Smoke of rough Haire put upon her.

Then

Then came one with a Paire of Sheares, and cut off her Golden-coloured Locks, and with Dust and Ashes all bestrewed her Head and Face; which being done, she was brought againe into the Peoples Sight, bare foot and bare-leg'd, to whom she said: Now, Farewell the World, Farewell the Pleasures of this Life, Farewell my Lord the King, and to the Dukes sweet Love farewell; now shall my Eyes weepe for my former Transgressions, and no more shall my Tongue talke of Vanity; Farewell my good Master and Dame, and Farewell all good People.

With which Words she was taken away, and never after seene abroad. When Duke *Robert* heard thereof, he desired that at his Death his Body might be buried in Glocester; In that Towne, quoth he, where first my cleare Eyes beheld the heavenly Beauty of my Love, and where, for my Sake, shee forsooke the World; which was performed accordingly.

The King also, at his Death, requested to be buried at Reading, for the Great Love hee bare to that Place, among those Clothiers, who, living, were his Hearts Comfort. *Gray*, dying wondrous wealthy, gave Land to the Monasterie whereinto *Margaret* was taken. *William Fitzallen* also dyed a most rich Man, having builded many Houses for the

the poore; whose Sonne, Henry, was the first Mayor that was ever in London.

Sutton of Salisbury did also, at his Death, much Good, and gave an Hundred li. to be yeerely lent to poore Weavers of the Towne, to the Worlds End. *Simon* of South-hampton gave a most bounteous Gift towards the Building of a Monastery at Winchester. *Hodgkins* of Halifax did also great Good; and so did *Cutbert* of Kendall, who had married xxiii. Couples out of his owne House, giving each of them x. li. to beginne the World withall. *Martin Briam* of Manchester gave toward the Building of a Free-School in Manchester, a great Masse of Money. And thus (gentle Reader) have I finished my Storie of these worthy Men, desiring thee to take my Paines in good Part, which will ingage me to greater Matters, perceiving this courteously accepted.

FINIS.

Three Ballads

on the

Armada Fight

(August, 1588)

By T. D.

A ioyfull new Ballad,

Declaring the happie obtaining of the great Galeazzo, whercin Don Pedro de Valdez was the Chiefe, through the mightie Power and Prouidence of God; being a ſpeciall token of his gracious and fatherly goodneſſe towards vs: to the great encouragement of all thoſe that willingly fight in defence of his Goſpell, and our good Queene of England.

A joyful new Ballad declaring the happy obtaining of the great Galleazzo, wherein Don PEDRO DE VALDEZ was the chief; through the mighty power and providence of GOD; being a special token of His gracious and fatherly goodness towards us: to the great encouragement of all those that willingly fight in the

defence of His Gospel and our good Queen of England.

To the tune of *Monsieur's Almain.*

O NOBLE England,
fall down upon thy knee!
And praise thy GOD, with thankful heart,
which still maintaineth thee!
The foreign forces
that seek thy utter spoil,
Shall then, through His especial grace,
be brought to shameful foil.
With mighty power,
they come unto our coast;

To overrun our country quite,
they make their brags and boast.
In strength of men
they set their only stay;
But we, upon the LORD our GOD
will put our trust alway!

Great is their number
of ships upon the sea;
And their provision wonderful:
but, Lord, Thou art our stay!
Their armed soldiers
are many by account;
Their aiders eke in this attempt
do, sundry ways, surmount.
The Pope of Rome,
with many blessed grains,
To sanctify their bad pretence,
bestoweth both cost and pains,
But little land
is not dismayed at all!
The LORD, no doubt! is on our side,
which soon will work their fall.

In happy hour,
our foes we did descry!

And under sail, with gallant wind,
as they came passing by.
Which sudden tidings
to Plymouth being brought,
Full soon our Lord High Admiral,
for to pursue them sought.
And to his train
courageously he said,
"Now, for the LORD, and our good Queen,
to fight be not afraid!
Regard our Cause!
and play your parts like men!
The LORD, no doubt! will prosper us
in all our actions then."

This great *Galleazzo*
which was so huge and high,
That, like a bulwark on the sea
did seem to each man's eye.
There was it taken,
unto our great relief,
And divers nobles, in which train
Don PEDRO was the chief.
Strong was she stuffed
with cannons great and small,

And other instruments of war,
which we obtained all.
A certain sign
of good success, we trust:
That GOD will overthrow the rest;
as he hath done the first.

Then did our Navy
pursue the rest amain,
With roaring noise of cannons great,
till they, near Calais came.
With manly courage
they followed them so fast;
Another mighty Galleon
did seem to yield at last:
And in distress
for safeguard of their lives,
A flag of truce, they did hand out,
with many mournful cries.
Which when our men
did perfectly espy
Some little barks they sent to her,
to board her quietly.

But these false Spaniards
esteeming them but weak,

When they within their danger came,
their malice forth did break:
With charged canons
they laid about them then,
For to destroy those proper barks
and all their valiant men.
Which when our men
preceived so to be;
Like lions fierce, they forward went
to 'quite this injury;
And boarding them
with strong and mighty hand,
They killed the men, until the Ark
did sink in Calais sand.

The chiefest Captain
of this Galleon so high,
Don HUGO DE MONCALDO, he
within this fight did die:
Who was the General
of all the Galleons great,
But through his brains, with powder's force,
a bullet strong did beat.
And many more,
by sword, did lose their breath,

And many more within the sea
did swim, and took their death.
There might you see
the salt and foaming flood,
Died and stained like scarlet red
with store of Spanish blood.

This mighty vessel
was threescore yards in length,
Most wonderful, to each man's eye,
for making and for strength.
In her were placed
a hundred cannons great,
And mightily provided eke
with bread-corn, wine, and meat.
There were of oars
two hundred, I ween.
Threescore feet and twelve in length
well measured to be seen;
And yet subdued,
with many others more:
And not a ship of ours lost!
the LORD be thanked therefore!

Our pleasant country,
so beautiful and so fair,

They do intend, by deadly war,
To make both poor and bare.
Our towns and cities,
to rack and sack likewise,
To kill and murder man and wife
as malice doth arise,
And to deflour
our virgins in our sight;
And in the cradle cruelly
the tender babe to smite.
GOD'S Holy Truth,
they mean for to cast down,
And to deprive our noble Queen
both of her life and crown.

Our wealth and riches,
which we enjoyed long;
They do appoint their prey and spoil
by cruelty and wrong.
To set our houses
a fire on our heads;
And cursedly to cut our throats
As we lie in our beds.
Our children's brains
to dash against the ground,

And from the earth our memory
for ever to confound.
To change our joy
to grief and mourning sad,
And never more to see the days
of pleasure we have had.

But GOD Almighty
be blessed evermore!
Who doth encourage Englishmen
to beat them from our shore,
With roaring cannons
their hasty steps to stay,
And with the force of thundering shot,
to make them fly away;
Who made account,
before this time or day,
Against the walls of fair London
their banners to display.
But their intent,
the LORD will bring to nought,
If faithfully we call and cry
for succor as we ought.

And yours, dear brethren!
which beareth arms this day,

For safeguard of your native soil;
  mark well, what I shall say!
Regard your duties!
  think on your country's good!
And fear not in defence thereof,
  to spend your dearest blood!
Our gracious Queen
  doth greet you every one!
And saith, "She will among you be
  in every bitter storm!
Desiring you
  true English hearts to bear
To GOD! to her! and to the land
  wherein you nursed were!"

LORD GOD Almighty!
  (which hath the hearts in hand,
Of every person to dispose)
  defend this English land!
Bless Thou, our Sovereign
  with long and happy life!
Endue her Council with Thy Grace!
  and end this mortal strife!
Give to the rest
  of commons more and less,

Loving hearts! obedient minds!
and perfect faithfulness!
That they and we,
and all, with one accord,
On Sion hill, may sing the praise
of our most mighty LORD.

T. D.

FINIS.

Printed by JOHN WOLFE
for EDWARD WHITE.

1588

The Queen's visiting of the Camp at Tilbury, with her entertainment there.

To the tune of *Wilson's Wild.*

WITHIN the year of CHRIST, our Lord,
A thousand and five hundred full,
And eighty-eight by just record,
the which no man may disannul;
And in the thirtieth year remaining,
of good Queen ELIZABETH'S reigning:
A mighty power there was prepared
By PHILIP, then the King of Spain,
Against the Maiden Queen of England;
Which in peace before did reign.

Her royal ships, to sea she sent
to guard the coast on every side;
And seeing how her foes were bent,
her realm full well she did provide
With many thousands so prepared
as like was never erst declared;

Of horsemen and of footmen plenty,
whose good hearts full well is seen,
In the safeguard of their country
and the service of our Queen.

In Essex fair, that fertile soil
upon the hill of Tilbury,
To give our Spanish foes the foil
in gallant camps they now do lie,
Where good order is ordained,
and true justice eke maintained
For the punishment of persons
that are lewd or badly bent.
To see a sight so strange in England,
'Twas our gracious Queen's intent.

And on the eighth of August, she
from fair St. James's, took her way,
With many Lords of high degree,
in princely robes and rich array;
And to barge upon the water
(being King HENRY'S royal daughter!)
She did go, with trumpets sounding,
and with dubbing drums apace,
Along the Thames, that famous river,
for to view the Camp a space.

When she, as far as Gravesend came,
right over against that pretty town,
Her royal Grace with all her train
was landed there with great renown.
The Lords, and Captains of her forces,
mounted on their gallant horses,
Ready stood to entertain her,
like martial men of courage bold
"Welcome to the Camp, dread Sovereign!"
thus they said, both young and old.

The Bulwarks strong, that stood thereby,
well guarded with sufficient men,
Their flags were spread courageously,
their cannons were discharged then.
Each gunner did declare his cunning
for joy conceived of her coming.
All the way her Grace was riding,
on each side stood armed men,
With muskets, pikes, and good calivers,
for her Grace's safeguard then.

The Lord General of the field
had there his bloody Ancient borne,
The Lord Marshal's colours eke
were carried there, all rent and torn,

The which with bullets was so burned
when in Flanders he sojourned.
Thus in warlike wise they marched,
even as soft as foot could fall;
Because her Grace was fully minded
perfectly to view them all.

Her faithful soldiers, great and small,
as each one stood within his place,
Upon their knees began to fall
desiring GOD, to "save her Grace!"
For joy whereof, her eyes were filled
that the water down distilled;
"LORD bless you all, my friends!" she said,
"but do not kneel so much to me!"
Then sent she warning to the rest,
they should not let such reverence be.

Then casting up her Princely eyes
unto the hill with perfect sight,
The ground all covered, she espies,
with feet of armed soldiers bright;
Whereat her royal heart so leaped,
on her feet upright she stepped.

Tossing up her plume of feathers
to them all as they did stand,
Cheerfully her body bending,
waving of her royal hand.

Thus through the Camp she passed quite,
in manner as I have declared.
At Master RICH'S, for that night,
her Grace's lodging was prepared.
The morrow after her abiding,
on a princely palfrey riding;
To the Camp, she came to dinner,
with her Lords and Ladies all.
The Lord General went to meet her,
with his Guard of Yoemen tall.

The Sergeant Trumpet, with his mace,
and nine with trumpets after him,
Bareheaded went before Her Grace
in coats of scarlet trim.
The King of Heralds, tall and comely,
was the next in order duly,
With the famous Arms of England
wrought with rich embroidered gold
On finest velvet, blue and crimson,
that for silver can be sold.

With maces of clean beaten gold,
the Queen's two Sergeants then did ride,
Most comely men for to behold,
in velvet coats and chains beside.
The Lord General then came riding,
and Lord Marshal hard beside him,
Richly were they both attired
in princely garments of great price;
Bearing still their hats and feathers
in their hands, in comely wise.

Then came the Queen, on prancing steed,
attired like an angel bright;
And eight brave footmen at her feet
whose jerkins were most rich in sight.
Her Ladies, likewise of great honour,
most sumptuously did wait upon her,
With pearls and diamonds brave adorned,
and in costly cauls of gold:
Her Guards, in scarlet, then rode after,
with bows and arrows, stout and bold.

The valiant Captains of the field,
mean space, themselves in order set;
And each of them, with spear and shield,
to join in batle did not let.

With such a warlike skill extended,
as the same was much commended.
Such a battle pitched in England
many a day hath not been seen.
Thus they stood in order waiting
for the presence of our Queen.

At length, her Grace most royally
received was, and brought again.
Where she might see most loyally
this noble host and warlike train.
How they came marching all together,
like a wood in winter's weather,
With the strokes of drummers sounding,
and with trampling horses; then
The earth and air did sound like thunder
to the ears of every man.

The warlike army then stood still,
and drummers left their dubbing sound;
Because it was our Prince's will
to ride about the army round.
Her Ladies, she did leave behind her,
and her Guard, which still did mind her,

The Lord General and Lord Marshal
did conduct her to each place.
The pikes, the colours, and the lances,
at her approach fell down apace!

And then bespake our noble Queen,
"My loving friends and countrymen!
I hope this day the worst is seen,
that in our wars, ye shall sustain!
But if our enemies do assail you,
never let your stomachs fail you!
For in the midst of all your troops;
we ourselves will be in place!
To be your joy, your guide and comfort;
even before your enemy's face!"

This done, the soldiers, all at once,
a mighty shout or cry did give!
Which forced from the azure skies
an echo loud, from thence to drive;
Which filled her Grace with joy and pleasure:
and riding then from them, by leisure,
With trumpets' sound most loyally,
along the Court of Guard she went:
Who did conduct Her Majesty
unto the Lord Chief General's tent.

Where she was feasted royally
with dainties of most costly prices
And when that night approaching nigh,
Her Majesty, with sage advice,
In gracious manner, then returned
from the Camp where she sojourned
And when that she was safely sit
within her barge, and passed away;
Her Farewell then, the trumpets sounded;
and the cannons fast did play!

T. D.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by JOHN WOLFE
for EDWARD WHITE. 1588.

A new Ballet of the strange and most cruel whips, which the Spaniards had prepared to whip and torment English men and women: which were found and taken at the overthrow of certain of the Spanish ships, in July last past, 1588.

To the tune of *The Valiant Soldier.*

ALL you that list to look and see
what profit comes from Spain,
And what the Pope and Spaniards both
prepared for our gain.
Then turn your eyes and bend your ears,
and you shall hear and see
What courteous minds, what gentle hearts,
they bear to thee and me!

They say "they seek for England's good,
and wish the people well!"
They say "they are such holy men,
all others they excel!"

They brag that "they are Catholics,
  and CHRIST'S only Spouse!
And whatsoe'er they take in hand,
  the holy Pope allows!"

These holy men, these sacred saints,
  and these that think no ill:
See how they sought, against all right,
  to murder, spoil and kill!
Our noble Queen and country first
  they did prepare to spoil,
To ruinate our lives and lands
  with trouble and turmoil.

And not content, by fire and sword,
  to take our right away;
But to torment most cruelly,
  our bodies night and day.
Although they meant, with murdering hands,
  our guiltless blood to spill;
Before our deaths, they did devise
  to whip us, first, their fill.

And for that purpose had prepared
  of whips such wondrous store,

So strangely made, that, sure, the like
was never seen before.
For never was there horse, nor mule,
nor dog of currish kind,
That ever had such whips devised
by any savage mind!

One sort of whips, they had for men,
so smarting, fierce and fell,
As like could never be devised
by any devil in hell:
The strings whereof with wiry knots,
like rowels they did frame,
That every stroke might tear the flesh,
they laid on with the same.

And pluck the spreading sinews from
the hardened bloody bone,
To prick and pierce each tender vein,
within the body known;
And not to leave one crooked rib
on any side unseen,
Nor yet to leave a lump of flesh,
the head and foot between.

And for our silly wǫmen eke,
their hearts with grief to clog;
They made such whips, wherewith no man
would seem to strike a dog.
So strengthened eke with brazen tags
and filed so rough and thin,
That they would force at every lash,
the blood abroad to spin.

Although their bodies sweet and fair
their spoil they meant to make,
And on them first their filthy lust
and pleasure for to take:
Yet afterwards such sour sauce
they should be sure to find,
That they should curse each springing branch
that cometh of their kind.

O Ladies fair, what spite were this!
your gentle hearts to kill!
To see these devilish tyrants thus
your children's blood to spill.
What grief unto the husband dear!
his loving wife to see
Tormented so before his face
with extreme villainy.

And think you not, that they which had
such dogged minds to make
Such instruments of tyranny,
had not like hearts to take
The greatest vengeance that they might,
upon us every one?
Yes, yes! be sure! for godly fear
and mercy, have they none!

Even as in India once they did
against those people there
With cruel curs, in shameful sort,
the men both rent and tare;
And set the ladies great with child
upright against a tree,
And shot them through with piercing darts:
such would their practice be!

Did not the Romans in this land
sometimes like practice use
Against the Britains bold in heart,
and wondrously abuse
The valiant king whom they had caught,
before his queen and wife,

And with most extreme tyranny,
despatched him of his life?

The good Queen BOADICEA,
and eke her daughters three;
Did they not first abuse them all
by lust and lechery;
And, after, stripped them naked all,
and whipped them in such sort,
That it would grieve each Christian heart
to hear that just report?

And if these ruffing mates of Rome
did Princes thus torment;
Think you! the Romish Spaniards now
would not show their descent?
How did they, late, in Rome rejoice,
in Italy and Spain;
What ringing and what bonfires!
what *Masses* sung amain!
What printed books were sent about
as filled their desire,
How England was, by Spaniards won,
and London set on fire!

Be these the men, that are so mild!
whom some so holy call!
The LORD defend our noble Queen
and country from them all!

T. D.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London, by THOMAS ORWIN
and THOMAS GUBBIN; and are to be
sold in Paternoster Row, over
against the *Black Raven*,
1588.

Notes

NOTES

INTRODUCTION.

Page 1.—*Who was the first King that instituted the High Court of Parliament:* "The composition and powers were developed in the 13th and 14th centuries. The right of representation from shires and towns from 1295. Edward I declared in 1295, 'What effected all should have the consent of all' and called a complete representative assembly of all estates of the realm."—SKOTTOWE, Short History of Parliament.

Page 2.—*Thomas Cole* is mentioned by Coates, in the "History of Reading," as the Rich Clothier of Reading. Fuller in the "Worthies of England" acknowledges that Cole was an eminent clothier, but believes that the "Pleasant History of Thomas of Reading" is mostly fiction. "Tradition and an authorless pamphlet make him a man of vast wealth, maintaining an hundred and forty menial servants in his house, besides three hundred poor people whom he set on work; insomuch that his wains with cloth filled the highway betwixt Reading and London, to the stopping of King Henry the First in his progress; who notwithstanding (for the encouraging of his subjects' industry) gratified the said Cole, and all his profession, with the set measure of a yard, the said king

making his own arm the standard thereof, whereby drapery was reduced in the meting thereof to a greater certainty.

The truth is this: monks began to lard the lives of their saints with lies, whence they proceeded in like manner to flourish out the facts of famous knights (King Arthur, Guy of Warwick, etc.) in imitation whereof some meaner wits in the same sort made description of mechanics, powdering their lives with improbable passages, to the great prejudice of truth; seeing the making of broad-cloth in England could not be so ancient, and it was the arm (not of King Henry) but King Edward the First, which is notoriously known to have been the adequation of a yard.

However, because *omnis fabula fundatur in Historia*, let this Cole be accounted eminent in this kind, though I vehemently suspect very little of the truth would remain in the midst of this story, if the gross falsehoods were pared from both sides thereof."

Page 2.—*Sheeremen:* The sheeremen cut the nap from the cloth.

Page 2.—*Rowers:* The rowers roughened the cloth.

Page 3.—*Bazingstoke:* (Basingstoke) a town forty-five miles southwest of London.

Page 3.—*Waines:* Country carts or wagons.

CHAPTER I.

Page 7.—Immediately upon hearing that William Rufus was dead, Henry Beauclerc hastened to assume the crown (1100).

The malcontent nobles leagued against him and the Saxon chronicle records: "This year also, William, Earl of Moreton (Mortain), departed to Normandy, and being there, he took up arms against the king, on which the king confiscated all his possessions and estates in this country." The other conspirators were Flambard and Robert of Bellême (the Earl of Shrewsbury). They plotted to place Robert, Duke of Normandy, on the throne.

Robert had acquired a reputation, richly deserved, for valour in Palestine, and his refusal of the kingdom of Jerusalem offended many of his comrades. While fighting for another's cause his virtues shone forth, but he seemed totally unable to govern his own affaires. Under him the province of Normandy became the prey of rapine and bloodshed. At last Henry had to be called over. Affairs came to such a climax that the brothers eventually met at the battle of Tinchebrai, where Henry was completely victorious and gained control of Normandy. The Earl of Shrewsbury and Robert were taken prisoners and Robert was confined at Cardiff Castle. His imprisonment was made as pleasant as possible. "He was given great freedom, the delicacies of life, and permission to visit neighboring woods and gardens. However, it seems, one day he attempted to escape by horseback. He was overtaken in a marsh and conducted back without violence to the castle. The report (which Deloney accepts) that his eyes were put out is undoubtedly false, although in that troubled time we might expect such cruelty."

The war against Robert led to a war against Louis of France who had espoused the cause of Robert. The French suffered a bad defeat at the battle of Brêmule.

Notes

Page 8.—*to appease the Fury of the Welshmen*: Henry conquered all South Wales and was preparing to invade North Wales when death came upon him.

Page 9.—*Staines*: In Middlesex, nineteen miles from London and situated at the confluence of the Thames and Colne.

Page 9.—*Salisbury:* New Sarum, the capital of Wiltshire, at the junction of the Bourne and Avon.

CHAPTER II.

Page 13.—*Reading:* In Berkshire, situated on the Kennet near its junction with the Thames. About forty miles west by south of London.

Page 14.—*Earl of Shrewsbury:* His possessions still remained in Normandy and thus his family could not have suffered any material hardship.

Page 14.—*Colebrooke:* Probably the modern Colne on the river Colne.

Page 13.—*Earl of Moraigne:* See Chapter I.

Page 15.—*as pleasant as Pies:* As pleasant as magpies.

Page 15.—*now gip (quoth they)*: Gip was used as an expression of surprise and derision. "Mary gyp good-man upstart, who made your father a gentleman?"—GREENE.

Notes

Page 15.—*these yellow Hose;* Seems to mean a scold, a fault finder. Compare:

"The bachelor most joyfullye
In pleasant plight doth pass his daies,
Good fellowshipp and companie
He doth maintaine and kepe alwaie (s).
With damsells brave he maye well go,
The married man cannot doe so,
If he be merie and toy with any,
His wife will frowne, and words geve manye:
Her *yellow hose* she strait will put on,
So that the married man dare not displease his wife Joane."

Sir J. Hawkins' History of Music. (Ancient English Songs, Vol. II, p. 20.)

Page 20.—*Carle:* A fellow of low birth and rude manners.

Page 23.—*Bottle* [*of Pottage:*] Bowl.

Page 23.—*Reior: The Priory and Hospital of S. Bartholomew in Smithfield.* The ruins of this fine old church stand on the southeastern side of Smithfield. "The ancient Priory of S. Bartholomew the Great (is) supposed to have been founded at the commencement of the twelfth century by Rahere (Reior) or Raherius, who became the first prior of the establishment."—Times. It was rebuilt in 1410. Rahere had been a minstrel and also an outlaw follower of Hereward.

Page 24.—*Ywis:* Truly.

Page 24.—*Giglot:* Originally meaning a wanton woman, but most often a giddy, romping girl.

Notes

Page 25.—*Brabbles:* noisy brawls or quarrels about trifles.

Page 26.—*paid the Shot:* The reckoning at a tavern.

CHAPTER III.

Page 29.—*a Faire that was kept neere Glocester:* "The statute of Gloucester (1278) conferred the right of inquiring into the title of all who claimed rights usually held by the crown" (that is, of holding a fair).—"Fairs, Past and Present," by Cornelius Walford.

Page 31.—*the Statute:* "A fair held by regular legal appointment, in contradistinction to one authorized only by use and wont."—Cent. Dict.

Page 36.—*Margaret:* From Latin *Margarita*, meaning pearl.

CHAPTER IV.

Page 41.—"Roger, Bishop of Salisbury (d. 1139), was of humble birth but pleased the king by his force of character. Although unlettered he proved himself astute and zealous. When Henry became king Roger was made chancellor in 1101 and in 1102 he was invested with the bishopric of Salisbury. He was a notable statesman and under his direction the whole administrative system was remodelled."—Condensed from Dict. Nat. Biog.

Page 43.—*that the People would not take crackt Money:* "When he heard that the tradesmen refused broken (crackt)

money, though of good silver, he (Henry I) commanded the whole of it to be broken (slit), or cut in pieces. The measure of his own arm was applied to correct the false ell of the traders and enjoined on all throughout England."—Chronicles of William of Malmesbury. "That there might be no Abuse in Measures, he ordained a Measure made by the Length of his own Arm, which is called a yard."—Chronicles of Baker. This may be a tradition because measurements are generally a matter of growth and custom. However the yard is not mentioned before the twelfth century.

The "Gibbet Law of Halifax" was in force in the time of Deloney. "The custom is supposed to have originated when the manor of Wakefield (of which Halifax was part) was bestowed on Earl Warren." (Time of Edward I)—THOMS.

Page 43.—*false Borderers:* Warlike and treacherous raiders dwelling on the border between England and Scotland.

Page 43.—*Halifax:*—In Yorkshire, situated on the Hebbele.

Page 45.—*yea gude Faith,* etc., etc.: Yes, good faith, My Liege, the foul evil of my soul if anything will keep them quiet, till the sturdy knaves be hanged up by the necks. What the devil care they for boring their eyes, so long as they may go groping up and down the country like false lazar (?) louts, begging and whining.

CHAPTER V.

Page 50.—*forty shillings apiece:* the first shilling (silver) was issued by Henry VII.

Notes

Page 51.—*Lobcocke:* a dull, country bumpkin.

Page 52.—*looking on him:* to hold in esteem.

Page 52.—*Thou art my owne sweet Bully:* A term of endearment originally applied to either sex. It later became applied to men only and meant a good fellow. From this it grew into the present meaning of ruffian.

Page 54.—*Flirts and Fromps:* loose actions and cross tempered invectives.

Page 54.—*that Northern Tike:* a cur-dog and from this a country boor.

Page 55.—*goodly Draggletaile:* a woman of unkempt dress, a slattern.

Page 55.—*gag-toothed:* projecting or deformed jaw.

Page 55.—*Companion:* worthless fellow.

Page 56.—*Capcase*: a case made convenient for carrying small articles.

Page 57.—*the smoky Lover of the House:* A turret rising from the hall of a medieval house in order to allow the smoke to escape. It was open at the sides.

Page 59.—*Dalliance:* "Frivolous actions and amorous caressing."—N. E. D.

CHAPTER VI.

Page 65.—*Watling-Street:* Derived from the Saxon Atheling, "a noble road." It is the oldest street in London. The

old British Watling Street started from Richborough on the coast of Kent and ended in Scotland. It was nearly in the line of the present Dover road and was the most used road from the days of the Romans.

Page 65.—*in Saint Martins, Shoomakers:* Saint Martins was practically a green country lane at that time. R. W. Bond in a note on "Shoomaker's Hall in Saint Martins" in his edition of Lyly, says, "A burlesque locality. The real Shoemaker's Hall is given by Stow as in Bread St. Ward, opposite Gt. Distar St."

Page 65.—*the Flesh Shambles:* stalls where the butchers exposed their meat for sale.

Page 65.—*old Change:* "Was formerly the old exchange, so called from the King's exchange, then kept, which was the receipt of bullion to be coined."—Stow. Chaucer mentions the fish mongers in that part of the city.

Page 65.—*in Candleweek-street:* The modern Cannon street. The candlemakers first lived there but later the clothmakers made it their home. "London Stone" was fixed on the south side of Candlewick (Candleweek-St.) street and from it all the Roman roads radiated.

Page 65.—*Jewes Street:* The old Jewry, the Ghetto of Medieval London. The Jewes had been invited into the land by William and had attained considerable influence.

Page 66.—*Blackwel Hall:* It is said to have been founded by Sir Ralph Blackwell, a friend of Sir John Hawkwood, in the middle of the fourteenth century.

Page 66.—*S. Paul's Church:* "The tower and spire rose 520

feet, or higher than the monument placed upon the cross of the present cathedral . . . . (It was) surmounted by an eagle-cock of copper gilt, 4 feet long. This steeple was taken down, and was never rebuilt."—TIMBS.

Page 66.—*Cripple-Gate:* The original gate was probably built by King Alfred when the walls were strengthened in 886. "When the body of Edmund the Martyr (1010), King of the East Angles, was borne through this gate many lame persons were cured by its miraculous influence."—STOW. From this tradition the gate is supposed to take its name. It was rebuilt in 1244 and 1491, was repaired by Charles II, and finally pulled down in 1760.

Page 66.—*The Tower of London:* was built about 1078 by the Conqueror to insure peace and security in London. The foundation was of Roman bricks and the remains of an old Roman bastion. "Even as to length of days the Tower has no rivals among palaces and prisons . . . . Old writers date it from the days of Cæsar; a legend taken up by Shakespeare and the poets in favour of which the name of Caesar's Tower remains in popular use to this day."—W. H. DIXON, "Her Majestie's Tower."

Page 67.—*Wind their owne Quilles:* A piece of small reed or slender tube used by weavers to wind thread upon.

Page 68.—*Such as serve seven Yeeres in London:* The Weavers Guild was first heard of in 1130, when Robert Leofstan's son paid £10 to the Exchequer for them.

Page 69.—*Sarum Towne:* The ruins are about one and one-half miles north of Salisbury. The decline began in the reign of

Henry I, originating in a disagreement between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. It became known later as a rotten borough.

Page 69.—*Woad:* A cruciferous plant, *Isatis tinctoria*, formerly much cultivated for its blue dye.

Page 71.—*Weavers Hall:* Was in Basing-hall street. This company was one of the first to be incorporated. For immunities they paid £16 a year to Henry I.

Page 73.—*What a Coyle keep you:* Rumpus or hubbub.

Page 74.—*London Oyster-Wives*, etc.: These names were in general use as terms of derision or invective.

Page 75.—*Droile:* About the same meaning as drudge.

Page 76.—*Aqua-Vitae:* This name used at that time for alcohol.

CHAPTER VII.

Page 81.—*Cardife Castle:* In the town of Glamorganshire. It is a corruption of Caer Tâf, the fortress on the river Tâf. Here Robert learned Welsh and solaced himself by poetry. It is said that he composed the following verses:

"Oak, born on these heights, theatre of carnage, where blood has rolled in streams:
Misery to those who quarrel about words over wine.

Oak, nourished in the midst of meadows covered with blood and corpses:
Misery to the man who has borne an object of hatred.

* * * * * *

Oak, which has lived through storms and tempests, in the midst of the tumult of war and the ravages of death:
Misery to the man who is not old enough to die."
—*Taken from Timbs.*

Page 82.—*his Grace came to Reading:* Henry in 1121 laid the foundation of the present Abbey at Reading on the site of the old Abbey of Nuns which had been built by the Danes in 1006. Henry and his two wives were buried there (although the King's bowels, brains, heart, eyes and tongue are said to have been buried at Rouen). Only the ruins now remain.

Page 85.—*Exeter:* On the river Exe from which it takes its name.

Page 85.—*Gloucester:* "Caer Glow, the ancient name, is confessedly British, and has been supposed to mean Fair City, (A. S. GLEOWCEASTER). "Etymologists, however, are not agreed in allowing the appropriation of this distinguishing epithet, and have therefore endeavoured to explain the name in different ways. Varnunius says that the name comes from Emperor Claudius, (some say from Gloius, some say from Gleow). Gleow, who, from what little can be collected concerning him, lived at the commencement of the Roman period of British history, and was Prince of the country of which this city was the capitol."—The History and Antiquities of Gloucester from the Earliest Period, by THOMAS RUDGE.

Page 86.—*Honorable Castle and Towne of Rithin:* A new castle of red sandstone stands on the walls of the ancient one.

Page 86.—*bewrayed his Mind:* Divulged his secret.

Notes

Page 86.—*his Sonne Robert:* (Died 1147) was a natural son of Henry: became Earl about 1121, and in 1126 was made custodian of Robert of Normandy. "He was a warrior, statesman and scholar."

Page 86.—*Towne of Oswestrie:* (Oswestry) in Shropshire. Only a mound remains to show where the castle stood.

Page 86.—*William Fitz-allen:* Probably not the ancestor of Henry Fitz-Aylwin who became Mayor in 1189. The ancestry is uncertain but points in another direction. He governed for twenty-five years.

CHAPTER VIII.

Page 92.—*A notable Thiefe named Wallis:* Probably a reference to the traditional Sir William Wallace (1272 (?)–1305). "In May 1297 Wallace burnt Lanark and slew Hezelrig the Sheriff. The Scots said it was in just revenge for the execution of Marion Bradfute, who had concealed Wallace and refused the hand of the sheriff's son. While this tale may or may not be true, yet from that time he was a noted man; a hero in the eyes of Scotland, but conceived by the English chroniclers as a high-wayman and murderer." —Condensed from Dict. Nat. Biog.

Page 93.—*Cakins:* (Calkins) the iron projections on the horses' shoes to prevent slipping, calks.

Page 93.—*How? fay, fay:* How? faith, faith! said the smith, are ye such fools? What the Devil do you mean, to break your necks? Good faith, I trow the men be mad.

Notes

Page 96.—*Placke or a Bawby:* Scotch coins of small value.

Page 98.—*a Gin:* Engine, machine.

Page 98.—*feate:* Dexterous.

Page 98.—*cut off the cragges:* Necks.

"Like Waitefull Widdowes hangen their Crags."—Spencer—Shepherd's Calendar.

CHAPTER IX.

Page 103.—*Bailiffes:* They were of high rank before the advent of the Mayor in 1189.

Page 103.—*Catch-poles:* "Hee is the properest shape wherein they fancie Satan; for hee is at most but an arrester, and Hell a Dungeon. Hee is the Creditors Hawke. . . . . He is the Period of young Gentlemen, or their fullstop, for when hee meets with them they can go no farther. . . . . Hee is an occasioner of desloyall thoughts in the commonwealth, for he makes men hate the King's Name worse than the Devil's."—John Earle, Miscrocosmographie.

Page 104.—*a Couple of Flemings:* The joke about Holland being drowned by the sea is to be found in many writers from Deloney's time until the eighteenth century.

Page 106.—*Maggat-Apie:* Magpie (Magot-pie, Shakespeare; magot o'pie, Middleton.)

Page 107.—*Fillop:* a snap of the finger.

Page 107.—*Mount-Albion:* Refers to the legend of Charlemagne's enchanted sleep in a mountain. Cf. Gaston Paris,

Histoire poetique de Charlemagne, p. 425-7;. Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, vol. II., p. 795-803; vol. III., p. 285-6.

CHAPTER X.

Page 111.—*Sir William Ferris:* There were several of the nobility by the name of Ferris or Ferrers, but Sir William Ferris was probably fictitious.

Page 111.—*Stammell Petticote:* Linsey-woolsey.

Page 113.—*foreslowed my Business:* delayed.

Page 113.—*peruse;* inspect.

Page 114.—*the Turtle:* turtle dove.

Page 114.—*Thales:* (640-550 B. C.) the earliest Greek philosopher.

Page 115.—*A Bird was never seen in Pontus:* "And there is not a bird within the compasse of the sea Pontus."—PLINY, Bk. 10, Ch. 29.

Page 115.—*the Stone Abeston:* Found in Euphues (the Anatomy of Wyt), page 191, vol. I, Oxford Press. Lyly evidently got the idea from Bartholomaeus Anglicus. "That tho stone Abeston being once made hotte will never be made colde?"—LYLY.

Page 116.—*The Thunder . . . . ringing of Belles:* a superstition at the time. Not mentioned by Pliny in his discourse on Thunder.

Notes

Page 116.—*The Lion's Wrath:* The universal superstition that a lion would not attack a helpless person, especially a virgin. —See PLINY in Bohn Library, vol. II., p. 267, 271.

Page 116.—*The Tree Lutes;* Lotus.

Page 116.—*to certifie her:* inform.

Page 118.—*like the Storke, tongueless:* "Some affirme constantly that Storkes have no tongues."—PLINY, Bk. 10, Ch. XXII.

Page 120.—*Hus-wife:* hussy.

Page 120.—*cuttedly;* curtly.

CHAPTER XI.

Page 129.—*Male;* A receptacle for carrying personal property.

Page 130.—*Thomas Becket's House in Westcheape;* "Becket was born in 1118. However his father, Gilbert Becket, who was a merchant, was reduced in circumstances by the fires to which London was so subject."—The Angevin Empire, by Sir J. H. RAMSAY.

Page 132.—*decaid;* reduced in circumstances.

Page 135.—*mainly;* forcibly.

Page 135.—*St. Mary Overies Bells:* The "Lady's Chapel" (before the Reformation) in St. Savior's Church in Southwark.

Page 140.—*The River Cole and Towne of Colebrooke;* Colne, an old Roman Town, in Lancashire, twenty miles north of

Manchester. The name probably came from the Roman "Colunio."

CHAPTER XII.

Page 143.—*Churching Feast:* The Churching (in accordance with the Anglican ritual (1552) and common before) was a public appearance and thanksgiving at the birth of a son and was often followed by a feast.

Page 144.—*Brawne:* Flesh or muscle.

Page 145.—*Sodden:* Boiled.

CHAPTER XIII.

Page 150.—*An ambling Gennet of Spain:* A small Spanish horse. The word was in common use in Deloney's time, being found in Holinshed, Lyly, and many others.

Page 151.—*Galino breeds no Serpents:* "In Ireland is no Serpent, no Frogges, nor venemous Spider, but all the land is so contrary to venemous beasts, that if the earth of that lande be brought into another lande . . . . it slayeth serpents and Toades." — BARTHOLOMAEUS ANGLICUS. "In the manuscripts of the '*Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 77[a] and the *Book of Leinster*, a people of legendary Ireland were called 'Galinin.' "—Celtic Folklore, JOHN RHYS. Vol. II. p. 118, Note II., Oxford Press. Also see "*The Voyage of Bran*," edt. KUNS MEYER and ALFRED NUTT, vol. II. p. 299.

Notes

Page 156.—*Apium Risus:* "Laughing parsley" or laughing plant. Mentioned by Pliny under another name. "The gelotophylles too, is a plant found in Bactriana, and on the banks of the Borysthenes."—Bk. 24, Ch. 122.

Page 157.—*The Hart reneweth his Age by eating the Serpent:* "And he sayth (Isidore) there, that harts be enemies to serpents, which when they feel themselves grieved with sickness, they draw them with breath of their nosethrills out of their dens & the malice of ye venum overcome, they are repaired with feeding of them."—BARTHOLOMAEUS.

Page 159.—*Worse than a Goat doth hate Basill:* An aromatic plant sometimes used for seasoning. All sorts of wonderful powers were supposed to reside in it, such as "a certaine Italian, by often smelling to Basill, had a scorpion bred in his braine;" also in Euphues, "For as by Basill the Scorpion is engendered, and by meanes of the same herb is destroyed." "For the Goat knoweth diversity of herbs, of trees, of twigs, of branches, & of spraies."—BARTHOLOMAEUS.

CHAPTER XIV.

Page 163.—*The Adder Aspis tickleth a Man to death:* Bartholomaeus says that the sting is often too light to be felt.

Page 164.—*Malapert:* Pert, saucy.

Page 165.—*The fierce lion is kind to those that doe him Good:* The original story, of the man that pulled the thorn from the lion's foot and was saved by the lion in the arena, probably originated in Aelian. The story is barely mentioned by Pliny but has been retold by many authors. "It was in thee

Euphues that I put all my trust . . . . more cruel then the Crocadile, who suffereth the bird to breed in his mouth, yt scoureth his teeth, and nothing so gentle as the Princely Lyon, who saved his life, that helped his foote."—LYLY.

Page 167.—*Shales:* Shells.

Page 167.—*faine:* Well pleased.

CHAPTER XV.

Page 175.—*his Majestie . . . came to Gloscester:* In 1123 Henry held his court at Glocester. The Cathedral is one "of great antiquity and beautiful architecture, with a fine Gothic pinnacled tower. . . . Here lieth that "Unfortunate Prince, D. of Normandy, eldest sonnne of Wm ye Conquer^{r}, whose eyes were pluckt out in Cardiff Castle, after he had endur'd a long and tedious imprisonm^{t} there: his Portraiture lyeth loose upon the Marble Monum^{t}, and is of Irish Wood painted, w^{h} neither rotts nor wormes eats. Here lyeth crosse legg'd, w^{h} his Sword and Buckler, and soe as any man may wth ease lift up this his wooden Statue."—TIMBS.

Page 175.—*Kirtle:* A man's garment before 1500, but as a name for male attire went out of use after that time, and was then used much in the same sense as petticoats.

Page 175.—*Hand-wrests:* Wrists or cuffs.

Page 178.—*an hundred Li:* "An old French money for account, divided into twenty sols (or sous) and approximately equivalent to the modern franc."

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